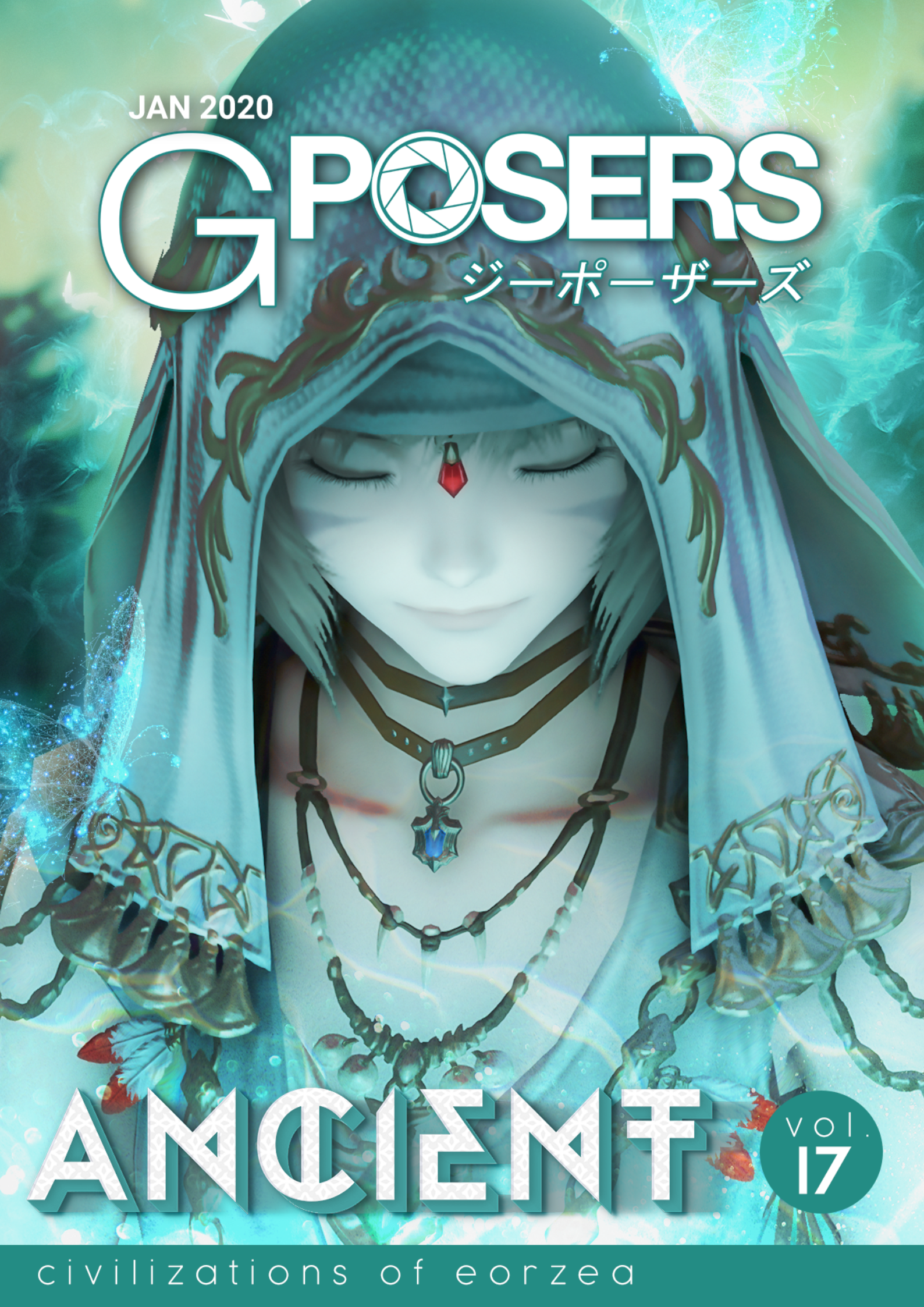
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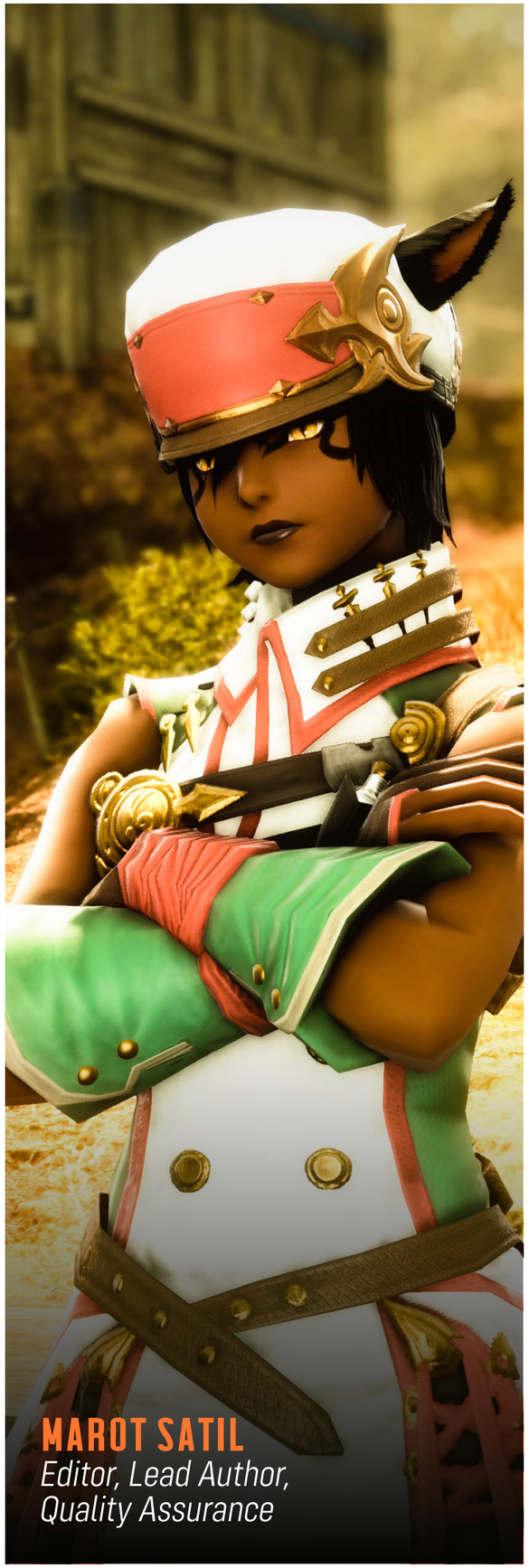


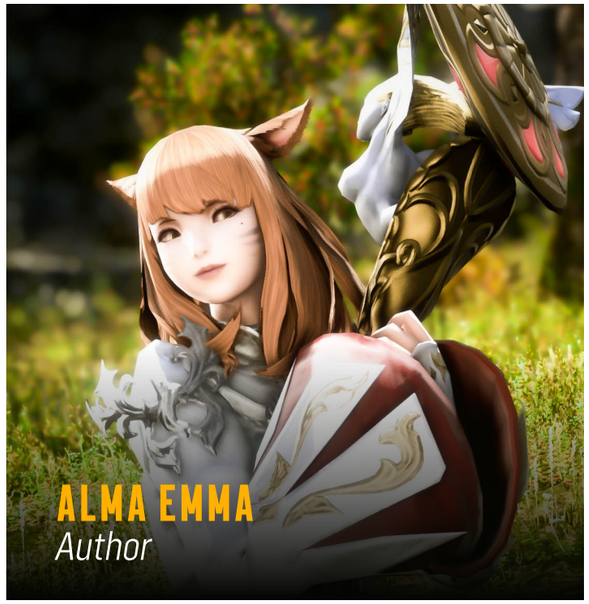


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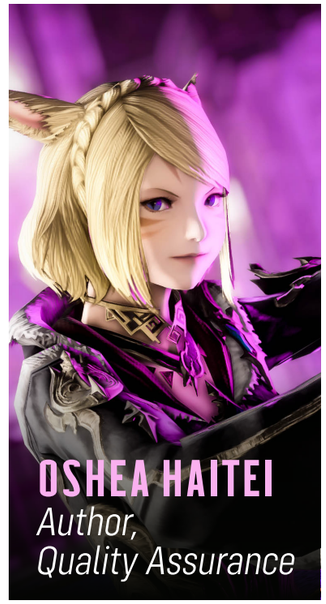
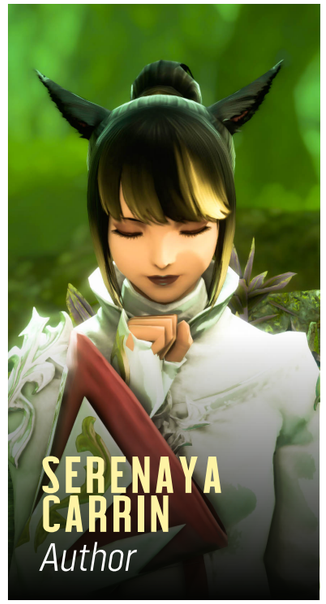
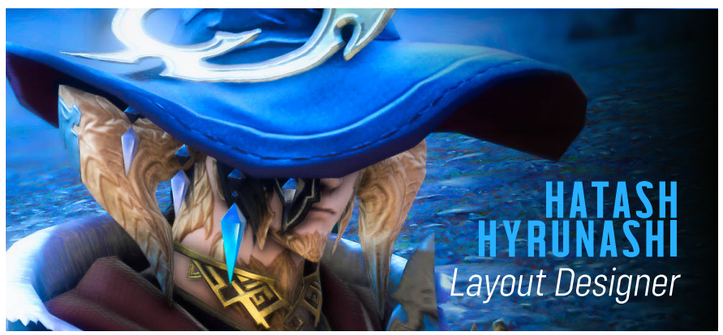
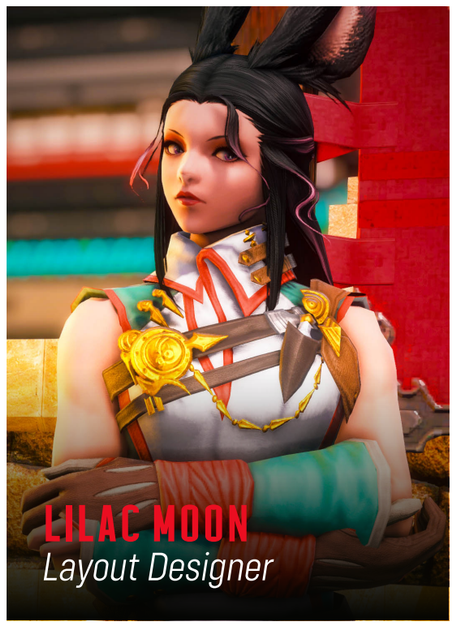
The GPOSERS team is composed of **BRIGHT**, **HARDWORKING**, and **HONEST** individuals. Please enjoy this month's first issue as we strive to make 2020 fulfilling for the gpose community.







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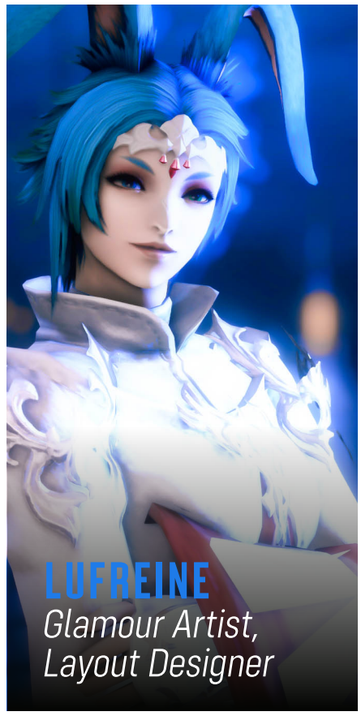
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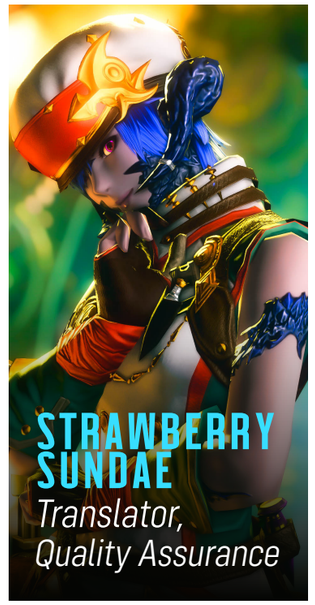
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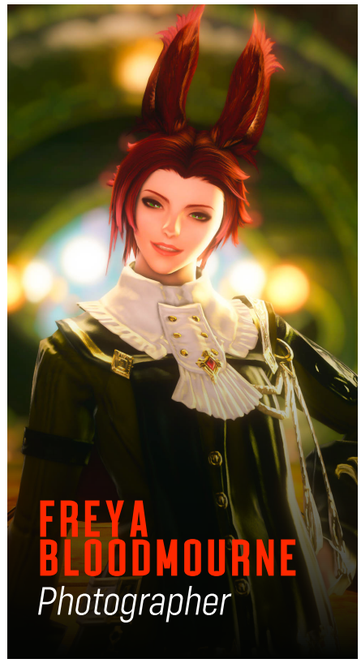
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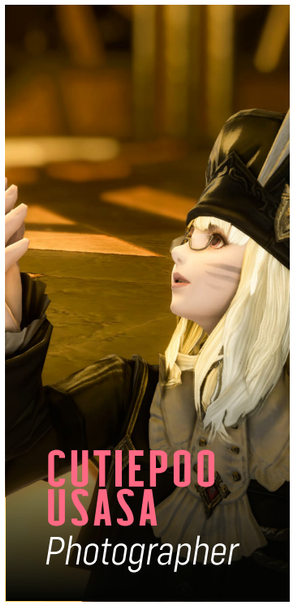
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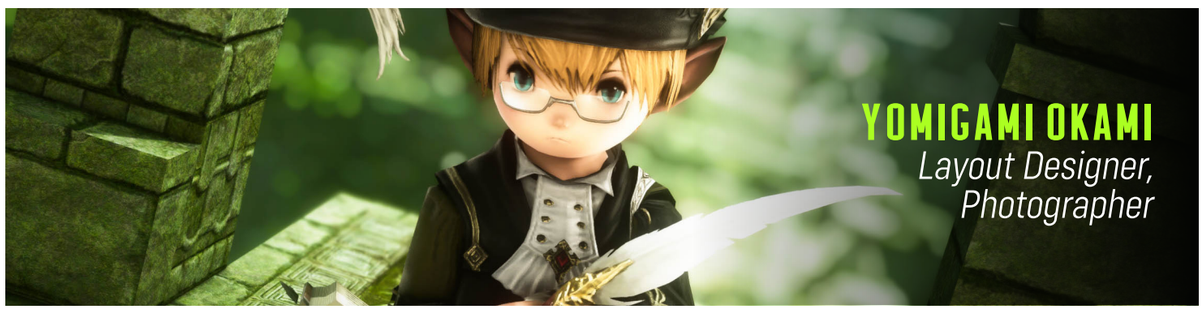
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# THANK YOU
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Ruri
Hatash
Yomi
Hibari
Darcien
Moh
✨ Marianne ✨
Ajisai
Rexifer Zaphnathpanea
Cinnamon
Kinsara
Alma Emma
Alastor
Tayang, A Spider
Scar, Blue Cat
Maya Yuujinchou
Kiyo
Serenaya Carrin
Packetdancer
Alex[a]
🌺V'yanda Khilo🌺
Lady Arkana
Shizaho
Glen Sterben
Lilith Lovecraft
Mai Blackrose

✿KHAN❁YI✿
Full-time Senpai
Mingyun
Fantasia Withdrawal
Yulia
Mystis
Vulpy
Izayoi
Lawless_Edrakerz
Nyx
Stardust
anniemeanie
Cadelyn Silverbrow
Astradoren
Ash Yunith
🐝🐝
Nemui
Audrey Belrose
Arisa
Syntress
Kyrian
Mitsuri Kimetsu
Unix
Mew
Sophiroth
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DISCORD
FOR MONTHLY REWARDS!!!!

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# COMMUNITY COLLECTION

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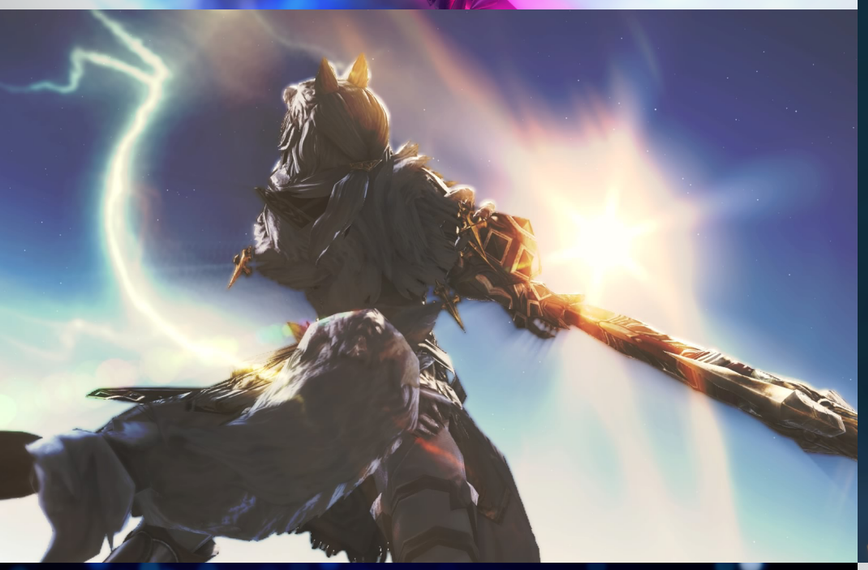

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# Join our Discord

to share your *XIV Experience* with us!

COMMUNITY COUTURE

# ANCIENT CIVILIZATIONS

# A Rotting City of Amdapor

**BY MILLY SAMA**
FROM ODIN

**Instagram:** @milly_ffxiv

Amdapor, a city that through magic was born, remained a sight to behold for many years. Though that soon came to pass as the city fell in agony and pain, leaving behind shells of structures which should have been the cities, villages, and homes. The decay happened fast, and soon, the worms worked their way through the cracks. You can still sense the horror and hear the screams echoing through the wind, shaking the many webs that have now woven together almost as if to form paths inviting us inside to our deaths. The city still lives, feeding on the scared, the many who die trying to find their way back after the poison rots their minds. Only  the strong-minded successfully manage to escape its decaying grasps.

## GEAR LIST
FOR A ROTTING CITY
OF AMDAPOR

**MAIN HAND: GALDRABROK**
Obtained: Crafted (ALC Lvl. 80)

**CHEST: VELVETEEN ROBE**
Dye: Ash Grey
Obtained: Crafted (WVR Lvl. 31) /
Domitien - Old Gridania (3,528 Gil)

**GLOVES: ANGELIC CHAPLETS**
Obtained: Mog Station

**PANTS: NO.2 TYPE B LEGGINGS**
Obtained: The Copied Factory

**SHOES: SURVIVAL BOOTS**
Dye: Ash Grey
Obtained: Crafted (LTW Lvl. 60)

**EARRING: WARG EARRING
OF CASTING**
Obtained: The Grand Cosmos

**RING 1: WARG RING
OF CASTING**
Obtained: The Grand Cosmos

**RING 2: RONKAN RING
OF CASTING**
Obtained: Aymark - Eulmore
(180 Goetia Tomes)

# Amdapor's Gift

Amdapor: one of the two nations that contributed to fate's swelling tides. Their wars with the black mages of Mhach unbalanced the planet's aether enough to bring about the Sixth Umbral Calamity, also known as The Great Flood. While until recently their major settlements remained shrouded by the elementals, their minor relics scatter the Black Shroud almost everywhere you look, furthering the evidence that this civilization once stood strong. Their greatest achievement however, was most certainly the creation of white magic and in turn white mages; they ruled the land, and to this day, rule your HP bar.

## GEAR LIST
FOR AMDAPOR'S GIFT

**MAIN HAND: NIRVANA ZETA**
Dye: Shale Brown
Obtained: Zodiac Weapons Saga

**HEAD: AUGMENTED HEALER'S CIRCLET**
Dye: Shale Brown
Obtained: Kakalan - Mor Dhona (Healer's Circlet & Healer's Attire Augmentation)

**CHEST: BOGATYR'S LONGCOAT OF HEALING**
Obtained: Amdapor Keep (Hard) / The Wanderer's Palace (Hard)

**GLOVES: EIKON CLOTH SLEEVES OF HEALING**
Obtained: Crafted (WVR Lvl. 60)

**PANTS: DARKLIGHT BREECHES OF HEALING**
Obtained: The Lost City of Amdapor

**SHOES: VALERIAN PRIEST'S BOOTS**
Obtained: Castrum Abania

**EARRING: CARBORUNDUM EARRING OF HEALING**
Obtained: Gelfradus - Rhalgr's Reach (1 Sigmascape Bolt)

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# THE RUINS OF GELMORRA

After the Sixth Umbral Calamity, the underground nation of Gelmorra was founded by those of the Black Shroud seeking refuge from what they perceived to be the wrath of the elementals. After learning to work and commune with the elementals, the Gelmorans brought about conjury as we know it and the formation of Gridania. This look is inspired by the state of their times; the Gelmorans were alert and ready for anything thrown their way.

## GEAR LIST
THE RUINS OF GELMORRA

**MAIN HAND: SANDTEAK CANE**
Dye: Kobold Brown
Obtained: Crafted (CRP Lvl. 76) / Merchant & Mender - Ahm Araeng - Twine (43,149 Gil)

**HEAD: GAZELLESKIN COAT OF HEALING**
Obtained: Crafted (LTW Lvl. 69) / Muto - Kugane (36,267 Gil)

**CHEST: GAZELLESKIN COAT OF HEALING**
Obtained: Crafted (LTW Lvl. 69) / Muto - Kugane (36,267 Gil))

**GLOVES: FACET DRESS GLOVES OF HEALING**
**Dye: Loam Brown**
**Obtained: Crafted (WVR Lvl. 80)**

**PANTS: COTTON TIGHTS**
**Dye: Loam Brown**
**Obtained: Crafted (WVR Lvl. 14) / Domitien - Old Gridania (315 Gil)**

**SHOES: SLOTHSKIN BOOTS OF HEALING**
Obtained: Crafted (LTW Lvl. 70)

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# Voeburt's Oath and Honour

In the magical land now known as Il Mheg, there once was a kingdom that stood proud and strong, ruled by a selected Monarchy of Drahn (Au Ra) and three noble houses of Galdjent (Roegadyn). Their architecture suggests they were an illustrious and valiant people, and prospered far across their land, never falling to the threats of the Elves and Humes of Laxia (Lakeland). However, as with many nations, the weight which finally tipped the balance and spelled their doom came from within.

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**GEAR LIST**
VOEBURT'S OATH AND HONOUR

**MAIN HAND: BALISARDE**
Obtained: The Aurum Vale

**HEAD: HOPLITE CIRCLET**
Obtained: Pharos Sirius / Copperbell Mines (Hard)

**CHEST: SKALLIC COAT OF FENDING**
Dye: General-purpose Dark Blue
Obtained: The Drowned City of Skalla

**GLOVES: BLUESPIRIT GAUNTLETS OF FENDING**
Dye: Opo-opo Brown
Obtained: Crafted (ARM Lvl. 74) / Local Merchant - Rak'tika Greatwood - Fanow (23,106 Gil)

**PANTS: EDENGRACE TROUSERS OF FENDING**
Dye: General-purpose Dark Blue
Obtained: Eden's Gate: Inundation (Savage)

**SHOES: ELEMENTAL SHOES OF FENDING**
Dye: Charcoal Grey
Obtained: Expedition Artisan (Pyros) - Eureka Pyros (40 Pyros Crystals)

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# Fables of Amaurot

In the times before the world was split into thirteen, there lived a nigh-ageless race of people known as the Amaurotine. They governed creation itself, and because of the endless power they had at their fingertips, strived to have as little ego as possible for the safety of all. Individuality was both dangerous and considered to be equival to insanity, as any unkempt ego threatened the very fabric of their civilization.

## GEAR LIST
FABLES OF AMAUROT

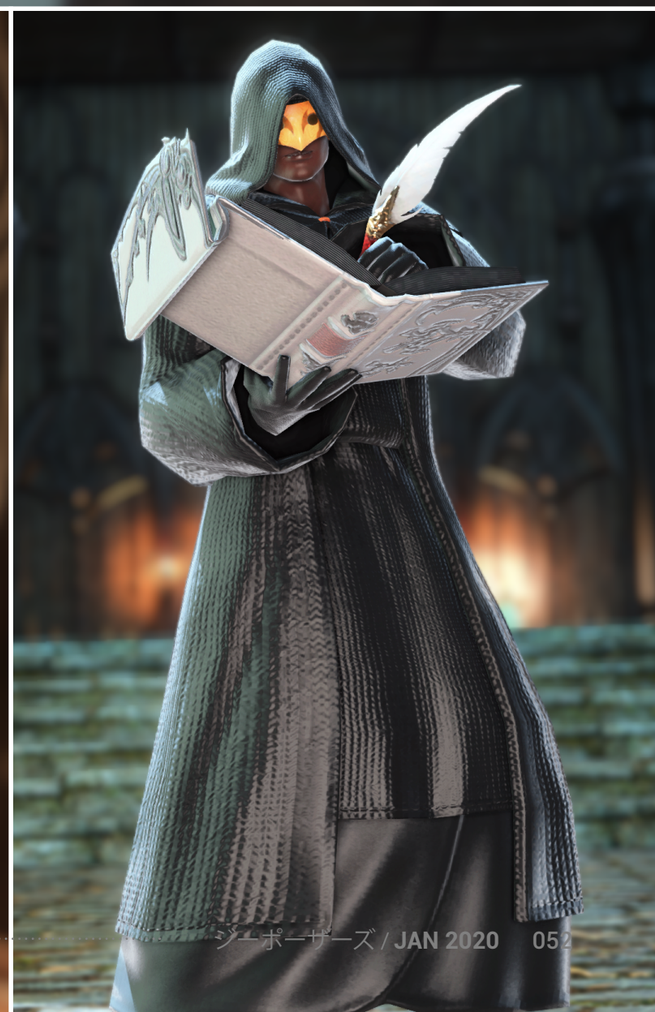
**MAIN HAND: UNFINISHED OMNILEX**
Obtained: A Relic Reborn

**CHEST: ALTERED LINEN COWL**
Dye: General-purpose Jet Black
Obtained: Crafted (WVR Lvl. 36)

**GLOVES: LINEN SHORTGLOVES**
Dye: General-purpose Jet Black
Obtained: Crafted (WVR Lvl. 38) / Domitien - Old Gridania (2,773 Gil)

**PANTS: SPRING SKIRT**
Dye: General-purpose Jet Black
Obtained: Crafted (WVR Lvl. 50)

**SHOES: BEST MAN'S GAITERS**
Dye: General-purpose Jet Black
Obtained: Crafted (LTW Lvl. 50) / Rianne - Ul'dah - Steps of Nald (6,000 Gil)



# BELAH'DIAN
# Gem

Deep in the Thanalan region rested a sultanate of primarily Lalafellan origin. With Azeyma the Warden as their patron deity, the nation valued truth and justice above all else. The most prominent and still-standing sign of their civilization is the Sunken Temple of Qarn, a set of repurposed and then-ancient ruins which were made into both a temple devoted to Azeyma and a formal burial site for their royalty. This look takes inspiration from both the location and values of Belah'dia, with its light and dark browns reflecting the landscape, as well as the bright colors and jewels of its people.

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## GEAR LIST
FOR BELAH'DIAN GEM

**MAIN HAND: GEMMASTER'S MALLET**
Obtained: Crafted (BSM Lvl. 60)

**HEAD: GEMMASTER'S CORONAL**
Dye: Gobbiebag Brown
Obtained: Crafted (GSM Lvl. 60)

**CHEST: GEMMASTER'S GOWN**
Dye: Gobbiebag Brown
Obtained: Crafted (WVR Lvl. 60)

**GLOVES: DURIUM CHAPLETS**
Obtained: Crafted (GSM Lvl. 65) / Independent Merchant - Rhalgr's Reach (17,249 Gil)

**PANTS: URAEUS SKIRT**
Dye: Ice Blue
Obtained: Crafted (LTW Lvl. 50)

**SHOES: HARD LEATHER SANDALS**
Dye: Soot Black
Obtained: Crafted (LTW Lvl. 12) / Domitien - New Gridania (286 Gil)

**EARRING: DWARVEN MYTHRIL EAR CUFFS**
Obtained: Crafted (GSM Lvl. 80)

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# Jagged: The Mad King's ASSASSIN

**BY FLASH GALATHYNIUS**
FROM BALMUNG

**Twitter:** @AsheJunius
**Instagram:** @AsheJunius

The King of Skalla has many assassins. This one prefers to look jagged and menacing in front of her bounties before she takes their heads. Even when the sun is out, the moon will always send her blade home; and when they reach home, then the king shall reward her well.

**GEAR LIST**
FOR JAGGED: THE MAD KING'S ASSASSIN

**MAIN HAND: TSUKUYOMI'S KUNAI**
Obtained: The Minstrel's Ballad: Tsukuyomi's Pain (Extreme)

**HEAD: CONTEMPORARY PINCE-NEZ**
Dye: Qiqirn Brown
Obtained: Crafted (GSM Lvl. 23)

**CHEST: SKALLIC JACKET OF SCOUTING**
Dye: Soot Black
Obtained: The Drowned City of Skalla

**GLOVES: FACET GLOVES OF SCOUTING**
Dye: Snow White
Obtained: Crafted (LTW Lvl. 80)

**PANTS: INDIGO RAMIE SAROUEL OF SCOUTING**
Dye: Soot Black
Obtained: Crafted (WVR Lvl. 70)

**SHOES: FACET THIGHBOOTS OF SCOUTING**
Dye: Snow White
Obtained: Crafted (LTW Lvl. 80)

**EARRING: GENTA EARRINGS OF AIMING**
Obtained: Gelfradus - Rhalgr's Reach (1 Deltascape Bolt)

# Royal Nymian Elite Guard

**BY NAZYL THARAZYL**
FROM BALMUNG

The scholars of Nym were not frontline fighters, thus requiring a tougher sort to keep enemies from breaking the line. Armed with large weaponry and a hefty shield bearing the nation's crest, these stoic guards ensured that the strategists could stand comfortably out of harm's way, often patrolling the palace grounds to keep the peace. Red, black, and grey decorating silver armor, they drew attention onto themselves easily to deter foes from focusing on the more magically inclined.

## GEAR LIST
FOR ROYAL NYMIAN ELITE GUARD

**MAIN HAND: SWORD OF THE FORGIVEN**
Obtained: Mt. Gulg

**OFF HAND: THE SOUTHERN SUN**
Obtained: The Great Gubal Library

**HEAD: DIAMOND CIRCLET OF FENDING**
Dye: Aldgoat Brown
Obtained: Sigmascape V2.0 (Savage)

**CHEST: DRAVANIAN COAT OF FENDING**
Obtained: The Antitower /
The Lost City of Amdapor (Hard)

**GLOVES: ALTERED COBALT GAUNTLETS**
Dye: Goobbue Grey
Crafted (ARM Lvl. 50)

**PANTS: PAGOS CULOTTES**
Dye: Snow White
Eureka Pagos Lockboxes

**SHOES: AUGMENTED RATHALOS GREAVES [M]**
Dye: Goobbue Grey
Obtained: Smithy - Kugane (Rathalos Greaves [M], 2 Rathalos Scale+)

**EARRING: GLASS PUMPKIN EARRING**
Obtained: E-Una-Kotor - South Shroud - Quarrymill (1 Glass Pumpkin)

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# SERPENT'S GUARDIAN

Amongst the echoes of la-hee in the Rak'tika Greatwood rests a lost Empire shrouded in mystery. Its relics slumber below the flourishing canopies, forever guarded by the descendants of a late emperor's sacred decree. The Ronkan Empire was one of magic, peace, and tranquility; they thrived alongside nature and worshipped a number of the animals that shared their home and land.

## GEAR LIST
FOR SERPENT'S GUARDIAN

**MAIN HAND: DEEPGOLD UCHIGATANA**
Obtained: Crafted (BSM Lvl. 72) / Pixie Hoarder - Il Mheg - Lydha Lran (40,878 Gil)

**HEAD: ALEXANDRIAN MASK OF STRIKING**
Dye: Soot Black
Obtained: Alexander - The Breath of the Creator (Savage)

**CHEST: RAVEL KEEPER'S CHESTWRAP OF STRIKING**
Obtained: The Qitana Ravel

**GLOVES: TIGERSKIN WRISTGLOVES OF STRIKING**
Dye: Soot Black
Obtained: Crafted (LTW Lvl. 64) / Muto - Kugane (21,403 Gil)

**PANTS: THE EMPEROR'S NEW BREECHES**
Obtained: Goberin - Western Thanalan - Horizon (57 Gil)

**SHOES: YAFAEMI SANDALS OF STRIKING**
Obtained: The Weeping City of Mhach

**EARRING: RONKAN EARRINGS OF SLAYING**
Obtained: Aymark - Eulmore (180 Goetia Tomes)

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# THE ALLAGAN EMISSARY

The rise and fall of the Allagan Empire is one of the most discussed historical events to date. Despite the sheer number of artifacts and ruins unearthed in the wake of the Seventh Umbral Calamity, very little was actually known about this power hungry civilization until fairly recently. The mysteries and wonders left behind by Allag are both awesome and terrifying; forces to be reckoned with that no one—but they themselves—could deny.

## GEAR LIST
FOR THE ALLAGAN EMISSARY

**MAIN HAND: AUGMENTED DEEPSHADOW MANATRIGGER**
Dye: General-purpose Metallic Gold
Obtained: Shee-Tatch - Eulmore (Deepshadow Manatrigger, 1 Deepshadow Solvent)

**HEAD: SHADED VISOR**
Dye: General-purpose Jet Black
Obtained: Luna Vanu - The Sea of Clouds - Ok' Gundu Nakki (7,955 Gil)

**CHEST: GORDIAN PLATE MAIL OF FENDING**
Dye: Dalamud Red
Obtained: Alexander - The Burden of the Father (Savage)

**GLOVES: REPLICA HIGH ALLAGAN GAUNTLETS OF FENDING**
Dye: General-purpose Jet Black
Obtained: Crafted (ARM Lvl. 60)

**PANTS: DIAMOND TROUSERS OF FENDING**
Dye: General-purpose Dark Red
Obtained: Sigmascape v3.0 (Savage)

**SHOES: DEEPGOLD SOLLERETS OF FENDING**
Dye: General-purpose Jet Black
Obtained: Crafted (ARM Lvl. 71) / Doddard - The Crystarium (21,859 Gil)

**EARRING: BRASS EAR CUFFS**
Obtained: Crafted (GSM Lvl. 21) / Ilorie - Old Gridania (504 Gil)

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# Mhachi Mischief

Mhach was a dangerous and powerful nation, and in its latter days was fueled by the summoning of creatures from The Void. They were the source of what would become heretical black magic, and were allegedly the first to have shouted *"White mage, adjust!"* all the while taunting Amdapor from the safety of their leylines.

## GEAR LIST
FOR MHACHI MISCHIEF

**MAIN HAND: HORDE ROD**
Obtained: The Minstrel's Ballad: Nidhogg's Rage

**HEAD: SHIRE PHILOSOPHER'S HAT**
Obtained: Hismena - Idyllshire (245 Poetics Tomes)

**CHEST: MIDAN COAT OF CASTING**
Dye: General-purpose Jet Black
Obtained: Alexander- The Burden of the Son (Savage)

**GLOVES: BOARSKIN RINGBANDS OF FLAMES**
Dye: General-purpose Jet Black
Obtained: Crafted (LTW Lvl. 43) / Domitien - Old Gridania (5,344 Gil)

**PANTS: RAMIE TONBAN OF CASTING**
Dye: General-purpose Jet Black
Obtained: Crafted (WVR Lvl. 55) / Norlaise - The Pillars - Ishgard (12,638 Gil)

**SHOES: GENJI SUNE-ATE OF CASTING**
Dye: General-purpose Jet Black
Obtained: Deltascape v2.0 (Savage)

**EARRINGS: DREADWYRM EARRING OF CASTING**
Obtained: The Final Coil of Bahamut - Turn 3

**RING 1: RUBELLITE RING**
Obtained: Crafted (GSM Lvl. 49)

**RING 2: VALERIAN DARK PRIEST'S RING**
Obtained: Castrum Abania

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# Secrets of SIL'DIH

A haunted whisper from the ever-shifting sands forever torments Ul'dah with its blood soaked past. A war for resources left the people of Sil'dih at the mercy of their sister city, trapped within their own walls as the horror of an undead plague drove them to untimely deaths. Despite trying as they might to suppress the truth, there will always be those who remind them of the ruins, murder, and lies they built their capital city upon.

## GEAR LIST
FOR SECRETS OF SIL'DIH

**MAIN HAND: THE EMPEROR'S NEW FISTS**
Obtained: Goberin - Western Thanalan - Vesper Bay (1,980 Gil)

**HEAD: KOPPRANICKEL TURBAN OF STRIKING**
Dye: Desert Yellow
Obtained: Crafted (GSM Lvl. 61) / Merchant & Mender - The Fringes - Castrum Oriens (19,994 Gil)

**CHEST: ALLIANCE VEST OF STRIKING**
Dye: Desert Yellow
Obtained: The Ghimlyt Dark

**GLOVES: WYVERNSKIN GLOVES OF STRIKING**
Dye: Kobold Brown
Obtained: Crafted (LTW Lvl. 52) / Norlaise - The Pillars - Ishgard (16,632 Gil)

**PANTS: WARWOLF KECKS OF STRIKING**
Dye: Soot Black
Obtained: Storm Private (Disciple of War Armor Outfitter) - Wolves' Den (1,000 Wolf Marks)

**SHOES: HARD LEATHER CALIGAE**
Dye: Kobold Brown
Obtained: Crafted (LTW Lvl. 14) / Domitien - Old Gridania (430 Gil)

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★ GPOSERS PRESENTS ★

# The Starlight Ball

Glitz! Glamor! Everyone was dressed to the nines on this particularly clear, chilly night in the Goblet. Lady Arkana and Kiggle Pin glammed up the latter's house and Brae is on welcome-duty. Each guest looked as suave and elegant as the last and we just knew we'd have an amazing evening in store; hidden Porxie hunts, musical chairs and even a contest for the most stylish couples. Much fun and many laughs were had—you should come next time! We'll even rent a larger venue!

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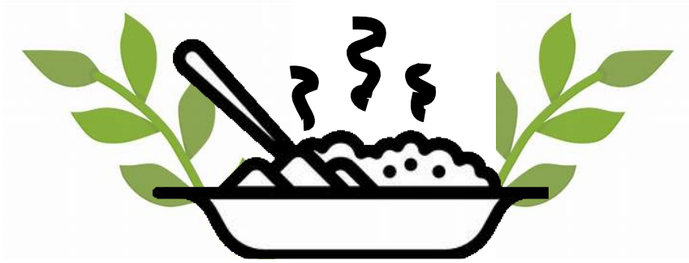
*Thank you all for joining us!*

# EORZEAN GOURMET

## KARĒ RAISU

カレーライス

Welcome back to “Eorzean Gourmet", where this month we will learn about an on-demand comfort food that has traveled all across the world. My name is Oshea, and I'll be your cooking guide.



The idea and technique behind curry, namely the pounding of spices, can be traced as far back as 2000 BC on the Indian subcontinent. From there, curry travelled to the British as early as the 1600s as part of Anglo-Indian cooking. From the Brits, curry made its way to the Japanese, the word being “Japanified" to “karē" (カレー). Around the late 1800s, the Japanese started building a modern navy modeled after the Royal Navy. During this process, the Japanese decided curry, similar to British Navy dishes, should be used as a staple for their ships' kitchens. From here on, curry became more and more popular among civilians and, with the introduction of instant-curry, developed into a comfort food.

# RECIPE

(2 Portions!)

## INGREDIENTS:

- 200g of pork
- 2 russet potatoes
- 2 carrots
- 2 small onions
- 2 cloves of garlic
- 1 cm of fresh ginger
- 200g of short grain rice
- 2 bricks of curry (e.g. Golden Curry)

As you can see, we don't make the curry part from scratch. If you really want to, you could, but from someone that's tried both at home: I don't think it's worth the effort. There's a reason most Japanese will just use the ready-made stuff.

# STEPS:

1. Cut the pork, potatoes, and carrots into bite-sized pieces. Cut the onion into quarters or eighths (depending on preference) and mince the garlic and ginger.

2. Cook the rice according to package instructions. Really, the people producing the rice know what they're doing.

3. While the rice is cooking, add a neutral oil to the pot and cook the onions, ginger, and garlic until the onion turns golden-brown around the edges.

4. Add the meat to the pot to sear.

5. Once the meat is visibly no longer pink on the outside, add water, potatoes, and carrots to the pot. Set the heat to medium-low and let simmer for 20 minutes with the lid on.

6. After the 20 minutes, remove any foam/scum that might have built up on the top. Turn the burner off and add the curry bricks, letting it dissolve while stirring for a few minutes.

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**And that is it!**

Your karē raisu is done! To follow plating technique, put the rice on one half of the plate, the curry on the other.

I really hope you try making this curry, it's one of the easiest I've ever made (thanks to the great curry bricks) but also one of the best. If you do, please share your experience and maybe some pictures on the GPOSERS Discord!

– Oshea

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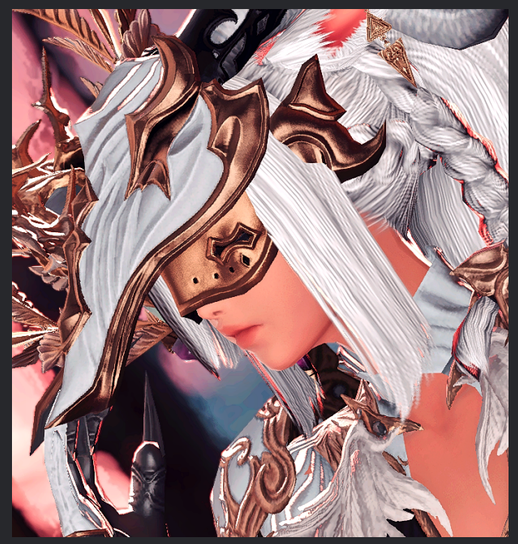
## FIRST PLACE

**NYA NYA**
<FAERIE>



## SECOND PLACE

**NYA NYA**
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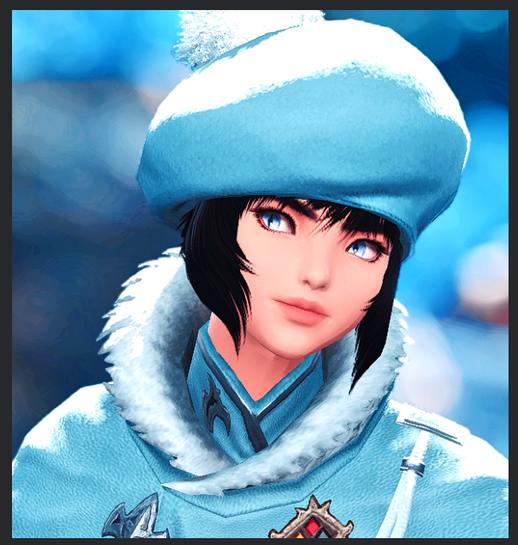
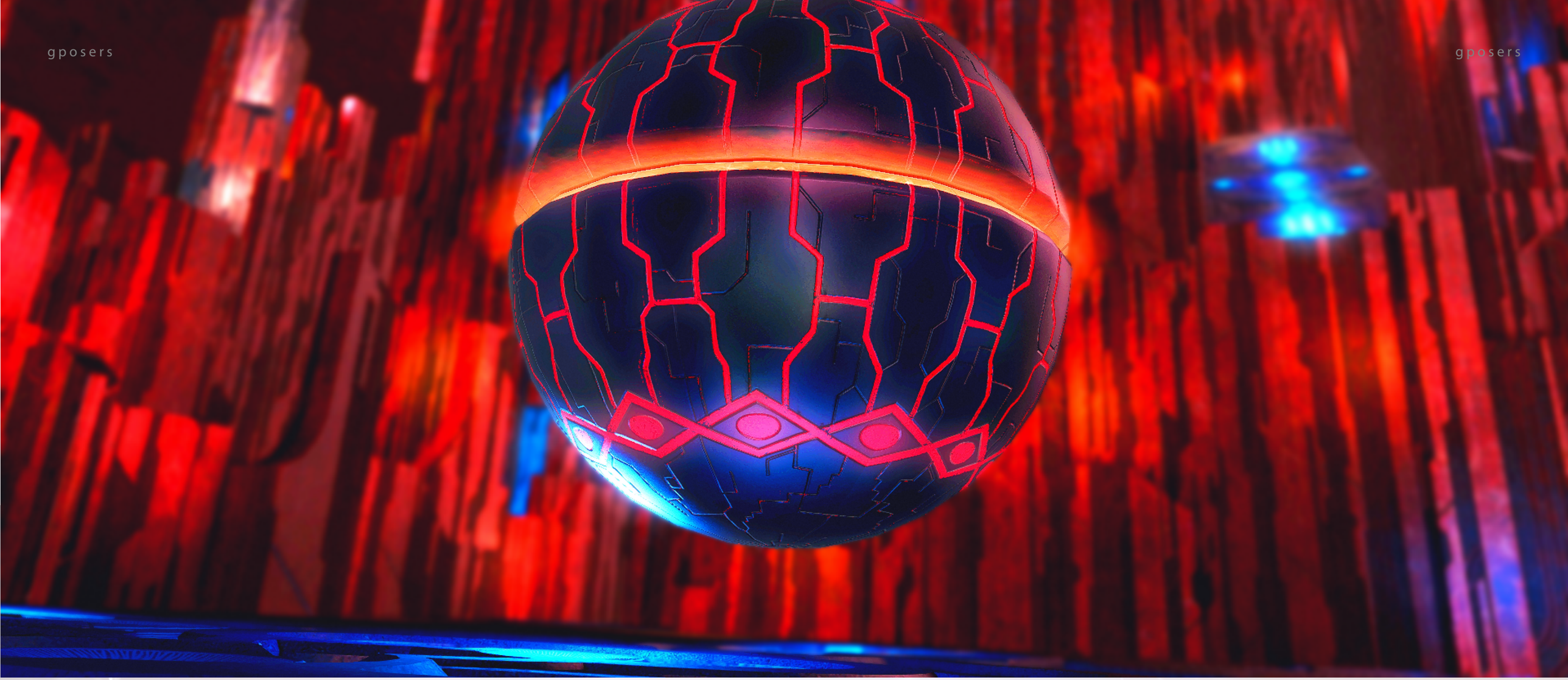


## THIRD PLACE

**LINA VALENTINE**
<TWINTANIA>



# THE WANDERER'S CHILD

*A short story by Alma Emma*

He sat slouched on the stool at the edge of the bar. The only thing that kept him up was an empty ale glass propped below his chin. His hand hit the bottom of his pocket, pulling out a lump of lint and just enough Gil for another drink.

“Oi, ‘nother Aleport Bitter,” he said as he slammed the smidgen of coin to the counter.

The barkeep hesitated, knowing full well that another ale would do him no good, but took the payment anyway as business was running slow. She poured another and clanged the new tankard against the wood bar top.

“Last one,” she stated with little regard.

He glared at her as she walked away to help a new customer, and then raised the drink to his mouth. However, halfway through his sixth gulp, he stopped as a tall, broad-shouldered figure caught his attention. His drunken stupor prevented him from properly scrutinizing the blurry figure, but a moment of alignment allowed him to catch the dark blue fur peeking out from underneath the figure’s clothing. He rose to his feet, albeit rather clumsily, and stumbled toward the beast as it sat at the table in the opposite corner of the tavern.

The figure was silent as the man moved toward its table. It sat facing the wall, blind to the man’s approach, its hood covering the top of its head as if to avoid wandering eyes.

“What’re ye doin’ here beastman,” the drunkard called from behind its cloak. “Ye spoiled me drink just walkin’ in.”

The figure didn’t respond to the man’s heckling and remained unfazed.

“Oi! you hearin’ me?” he bellowed, “Or have ye no ears?” He grabbed a fold on the hood of its cloak and yanked it back. A pale blue mane revealed itself atop the Blue Hrothgar man’s head—catching the attention of the rest of the patrons there.

The drunkard made a look of disgust and bared his teeth. His dislike for the lion-like race was evident and he shot out a malevolent hand in an attempt to pull on its locks.

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A feline voice roared from behind him, “If ye put ah single one of yer filthy fingers on him, I’ll make sure you’ll be drinking yer next ale through a fookin’ straw when I rip yer arms out from the’ sockets.” A tall Miqo’te youth, still a head and a half shorter than the drunk, stood there carrying two clear glasses—both filled with piping hot Crimson Cider. She had let her suppressed foreign accent out, and her tail stood bristled in aggression as she glared a thousand needles at him.

The man slurred as he curled his knuckles into a fist, “Wha’d thde hell d’ye say te’ me?” His face, flushed with anger, burned a more violent shade of red as he wound his shoulder back to throw a heavy punch at her.

Just as she was about to drop the ciders to the floor and launch an attack of her own, she noticed a faint glow from behind him. Visible aether—as dim as a dying ember—vanished, and the drunken man’s eyes went cross.

The man still threw his shot, but she was already a step back from his arm’s length. “N’body talks tha’ way te—” He fell forward following his failed haymaker, and his face crashed into the deck of the tavern with an additional pop from a broken nose. With his mouth agape and his body crumpled to the floor, he began to snore louder than a ceremonial Ul’dahn horn. She rolled her eyes in annoyance and stepped over the now dozing drunkard.
“I could’ve handled it.” She said, taking a seat at the table.

“I didn’t want to cause a scene—”

“Don’t lie to me,” she interrupted in an angry whisper. “If anyone else noticed you casting black magics on the general public, that’d cause more of a scene than anything that drunk had coming for him.”

The barkeep reappeared at the doorway, followed by two guardsmen. Both of them shook their heads in disappointment as they came and dragged the sleeping man out of the establishment. The two feline travelers took a synchronized sip of their ciders—feigning innocence to the man’s sleepy demise.

When the guards left, she continued her murmured tirade, “Y’know, sure, you might’ve been the one to raise me, but I’m not a little kit’n anymore. I can take care of myself.”

The Hrothgar took a deep breath and sighed, “Zora, that last time was too close. If that goobbue was just a bit more faster than—”

“Don’t patronize me,” Zora huffed. She slouched back against the wall and took a rather generous gulp of cider. Her gaze focused on anything but her father while she sat in silent defiance.

A tall Elezen man approached the two travelers. His robes were more befitting of an extravagant nobleman rather than the guild scholar they were expecting. He wove through the tables—careful to not stain his garments with any of the tavern grime—and stopped just a yalm away from them.

“Greetings, Sir Berithgar Virasch of Ilsabard and—” the scholar paused as he stared at the Miqo’te girl.

She fixed her posture and brushed a hand through her hair. “Zora,” she chirped.

The scholar gave a deep, humbled bow, “Ahh, my apologies Lady Zora, I was expecting another Hrothgar adventurer.”

Zora blushed at the sight of the Elezen’s bow and even reciprocated with one of her own from her chair.

Berith pulled the hood of his cloak back over his mane. “Zora doesn’t hail from any of the Miqo’te tribes. She’s—”

“Adopted,” she interrupted, wanting to speak for herself. “Please sir, join us and take a seat, would you like anything to drink?”

“I see,” he smiled, “Thank you for the offer Lady Zora; however, time allows for no dallied moment I’m afraid.” He opened the bag strapped to his side and pulled a wax-sealed envelope from its depths. The scholar then looked over his shoulders to ensure no one else was within earshot, “The overall objective of the levequest is still the same as it was petitioned—clear out the designated area of any potential threats to our archaeologists before they move in to set up their research outpost.” He handed the envelope to Berith, who broke the wax seal with one of his claws. Inside was the leve plate and a document containing additional information to their quest.

Berith scanned through its contents, but his eyes returned to a particular section of the hastily scrawled parchment, “Allagan defense systems? You’re joking, right?”

The scholar moved a few fulms closer, “That, in addition to ancient traps, is why we sought groups of your caliber to take on this leve.”

“We’ll do it,” Zora said eagerly.

“Now hold on,” her father replied.

“We’ve handled worse—I’ve, handled worse. We’ll take on the leve,” Zora affirmed.

The scholar gave one final bow to them both, “As you wish, Lady Zora. The leve plate is in your care. Please contact the levemete once you are finished.” After a final nod to the two adventurers, the scholar left as swiftly as he had arrived.

Berith slammed a fist down, “What were you thinking accepting a fight against something we don’t even understand?”

Zora finished the last of her cider and let the glass hit the table, “I’m thinking I’d start making decisions for myself.”



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“And myself as well, apparently,” Berith gave an exaggerated harumph and stood—his own cider only partially finished. “Come, let’s get ready.”

The starting location of the leve took Berith and Zora by surprise. They didn’t have to travel very far, as its coordinates led them to an abandoned warehouse not far from the city center. Its insides clogged their nostrils with a decrepit stench, but that wasn’t the worst thing about their whole situation.

“Who’re they?” Berith asked.

They were surrounded by teams of adventurers. A Lalafellin scholar—whose presence was initially masked by the crowd—came to greet the final party to arrive, “My apologies for the surprise, Sir Virasch, but the nature of this contract requires us to take certain insurances. For example—” The tiny scholar continued to dive into the many delicate intricacies of ancient Hydaelyn civilizations with a vigor disproportionate to her own stature.

While Zora was wholly entertained by the antiquated drivel, Berith ignored him and scanned through each person loitering about. One group in particular caught Berith's attention—a full band of rugged mercenaries that sat near the corner of the room. They were gathered around a Miqo'te with snow-white hair who seemed to be their leader. Her sword was almost as tall as he was and her eyes glowed an unforgettable fiery bright red. Berith rushed to pull the brim of his hood over his face and hide himself away. But little did he know, she had him in her sights as soon as he walked in.

"Berry!" the woman shouted.
"Berry?" Zora echoed.
Berith took in a deep sigh, "shit."

The woman left her gang to its own devices and approached them, "You haven't aged a day. How long has it been, ten years?"





"Almost twenty," Berith replied, "and probably would've been okay with another decade for good measure."

She scoffed at his deadpan humor, and at the same time, felt an additional pair of eyes burn into her. "Well hello there, you must be the little lioness that I heard rumors about all those years ago." She extended her hand to the girl, "Nahvi Jada, pack leader of that band of buffoons over there."

"Zora," she said and took Nahvi's hand with caution, "What rumors were you talking about earlier?"

"Berry and I ran jobs together many years ago. A few years after he left to go solo, I heard something about a certain sorcerer wandering about with an abandoned Sunkeeper child that they took in," Nahvi sized up Zora with quick glance, "It seems to me your father's done a pretty good job raising you—a proper lioness by the looks of it."

Zora smiled at the remark. It was rare to meet someone that her father recognized from his past, it was a first for her in fact. Her father and Nahvi continued to reminisce about their past, and she enjoyed listening to retellings of the adventures her father used to tell her as a child. She began to look up to Nahvi, not in the same way as she did with her father, but she could imagine growing up to relive the same adventurous, haphazard, and wanderlust lifestyle as Nahvi did.

Nahvi's group was now huddled around a wooden oak barrel and two of its members played with knives and opened fingers. A sneeze from one of its players kicked up the dust laid atop their playing field. The jolt sent a waver through the other's knife hand, which then resulted in a sharp tip meeting flesh. A yelp sliced through the noise of the crowd gathered there, and then all heads turned to witness the failings of one's hubris.

Nahvi rolled her eyes, "I'll see you two later."

Zora was still smiling as Nahvi returned to her companions. Her father was the first to speak, "Don't trust her. She was always the strongest among us, but sometimes that strength was misplaced. She's too dangerous."

"You're just mad because I found out all the stories you told me as a kid were over exaggerated," Zora replied.

Berith grumbled and eyed Nahvi as she left. Everything about this leve was becoming increasingly disingenuous and more problematic with each new development. Zora shrugged and gave a wry smile; she even patted her father on the shoulder—a hollow reassurance.

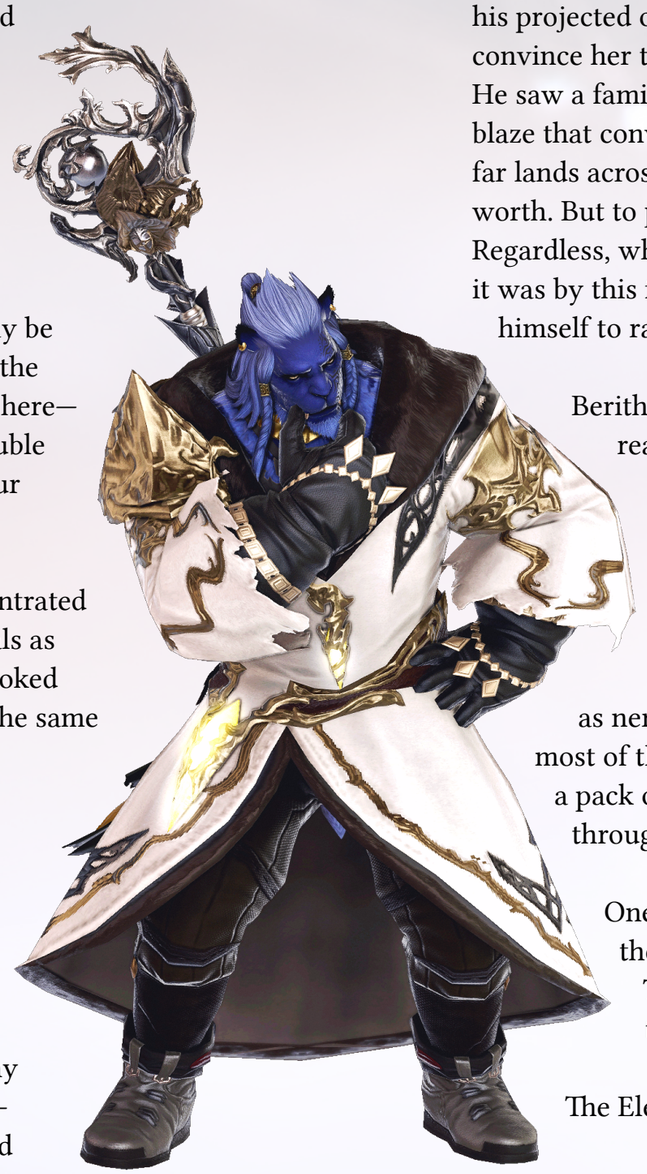
The room fell silent when a set of doors opened, and the Elezen from the tavern made his appearance.

“Hello adventurers, and welcome to our expedition to further our understanding of the ancient civilization of Allag.” He paced to the center of the room with his hands behind his back, “You may be wondering why we chose to rendezvous here—hidden away from the dangers as described in our letters. However, that is because from here—” A wave of his hand directed two of his assistants to open the double doors from where he entered. “—we are connected to anywhere our hearts desire, including places unattuned.”

Behind the doors was a large glowing construct. The aether concentrated within it made a soft hum, and light undulated off its archaic metals as it pulsed with energy. It was hooked onto several monitors that looked Garlean in design, and chalkboards covered in rough sketches of the same foreign architecture surrounded it.

The scholar continued through the door and motioned for the adventurers to follow. “The area beyond our Allagan teleportation terminal has already been mapped out for you; however, that is as far as our scouts have been able to venture.” He continued to detail the area beyond the construct.

Berith felt uneasy as the plan for the operation unfolded. Too many unknowns, not enough information, completely foreign territory—his thoughts raced as his projected odds of them leaving unscathed dwindled. He turned to Zora to convince her to call this off—but he stopped short before speaking a single word.



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He saw a familiar spark flare within the reflection of her eyes—the very same blaze that convinced him to leave his homeland of Ilsabard and venture into the far lands across Hydaelyn. The same look of resolve set on proving one’s self-worth. But to prove it to him, or to herself? He could not even begin to ascertain. Regardless, who was he to smother the flame of her determination and youth? For it was by this fire that they would come to meet, and that he would take it upon himself to raise her as his own.

Berith smiled to himself and brushed the doubt from his mind. “Are you ready?” he asked.

Zora analyzed his smile to no avail, but reciprocated all the same, “Absolutely.”

The parties lined in rows to travel through what looked to be a tear in reality itself. Gauntlets and greaves rang against each other as nerves were put to the test. Nahvi Jada and her band of thugs made up most of the first group, then came a party of Lalafellin warriors followed by a pack of Roegadyn fighters. Berith and Zora were the last ones to be sent through and were placed in the back accordingly.

One of the scholars pulled on a lever that dimmed the room. Power to the Allagan terminal surged as aether was redirected to the construct. The tear widened enough for a Roegadyn man to fit through, and the aetheric hum it once gave turned into a clamor.

The Elezen man raised his hand to his heart, “Fair winds, adventurers!”

The sphere once again sparked with power and churned its gears in indifference. Its ill-contained energy electrocuted its own surroundings with threads of plasma. The machine focused its attack and lashed a bolt of lightning at the Miqo'te girl charging towards it. A thick wall of ice froze into place between her and her enemy, but it soon shattered as it grounded the lightning strike meant to kill her. She shot through the vaporized mist of water and leapt onto her target.

Zora dug her weapon into one of the sphere's orifices, where it found purchase into its metal chassis. It wailed as the blade interrupted its internal processes, and it began to gather aetheric energy to defend itself. The sphere thrummed as it ignited the aether within its core. Sensing its imminent threat, Zora launched herself backward to dodge the explosion but was still caught in its blast.

Berith caught her as she flew backward, "I got you."

Zora groaned in pain but soon regained her footing. "I'm going in again," she said. With her first blade still left inside the sphere, she unsheathed another blade from her side. "Cover me!"
She sprinted towards the machine as it prepared more electrical energy. Berith erected another wall of ice to shield her but noticed something was amiss.

The sphere gathered an incredible amount of energy and released it all at once. An entire wave of lightning electrocuted the area and crashed over Berith's wall as if it were nothing. Both he and Zora fell victim to its might and were left paralyzed. His daughter was left lying on the floor in front of him. Any movement was met with an immeasurable amount of pain, yet he fought on to move forward.





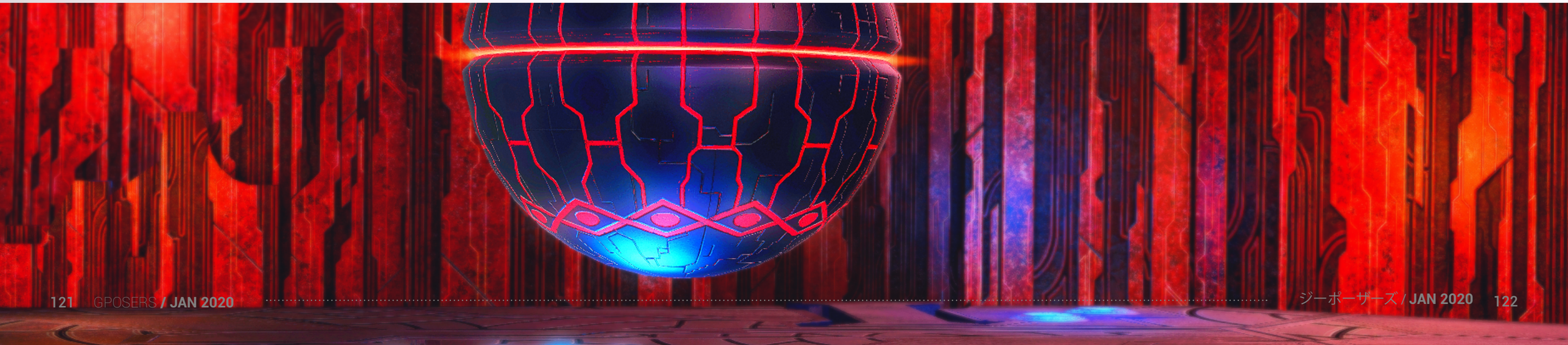
Zora's legs became unresponsive. She gathered just enough strength to bring herself onto her elbows, but not an ilm further in any direction as the paralysis set. The Allagan nemesis loomed over them still indifferent to their plight—its next programmed function was to end their lives.

"It looks like you're in a bit of trouble, little lioness," a voice called from behind their foe.

A claymore, similar in design to the weapons of the Allagan arsenal, was pointed up as if it were going to pierce the heavens. Nahvi raised her overwhelming blade in defiance of the Allagan threat, and she brought it down onto the sphere's hull with an incredible force. The blade sheared through the metal in one clean motion and divided the machine into two. The light within the ancient defense system grew dim, and it ceased to hum.

Zora recovered just enough to speak, "Thank you."

"Don't thank me just yet," Nahvi replied. She paced around Zora's limp body and stared at her while she struggled to move. "I lost a lot today. A lot of good men and women, especially. Lost them to the pitfalls of piss-poor planning, deception, and a simple promise of wealth. The scholars might've not been in on it, but someone out there is pulling strings. You see, I don't believe we were ever meant to clear out these ruins after all. I think we were just here just to show off how powerful these damn tinderboxes are. We were all played like a fiddle and dealt a bad hand, while someone out there watches us burn. But you see little lioness, I don't particularly enjoy losing—even when I'm forced to play with a shite hand. So in order to win, I'll need to ensure my opponents get dealt an even shittier hand than I."



The lines of parties went in one after another, each shouting a battle cry to lift their spirits. One after another they disappeared behind a blinding light from the aetheric current and vanished from the room. It was only moments now before Berith and Zora would be next.

Zora reached out and took her father's hand. "Don't let go," she said, as she unsheathed a blade in the other.

Together, they ran towards the light.

It was dark, but not completely abandoned from the light. Dim blue lights highlighted the floor like a pathway into the unknown and split into different directions. They were still holding hands as they checked their surroundings. With his staff tight against his palm, Berith channeled lights of fire into existence.

Something was off, and Zora was the first to notice, "Where is everyone?" They looked around and were surrounded by what appeared to be an arsenal of ancient weaponry.

"This isn't what they told us would be on the other side," gnarled Berith. "I think we were transported into a different chamber from everyone else."

The sound of metal against metal and the combustion of aetheric power echoed down the hallway. The battle cries of men and women were deafened by the screech of ancient unoiled gears.

Berith and Zora looked to each other, and then chased after the holler of their impromptu companions. They followed the path that the lighted floor provided and wove through corridors without a second thought. As they ran, the cries shifted in volume as the number of able-fighters fell. It now seemed that only a handful remained. At the end of the final hallway, they were greeted with an enormous chamber. The ceiling extended so far above them that clouds made of ancient condensation created a false sky. Thunder crashed against their chests like the bellow of a drum, but it was not because lightning fell from the heavens.

A rotating sphere of Allagan design floated in the center of the arena—its malevolent red glow projected a power undefinable in measure. It crackled as it sent bolts of energy surging through their comrades, who in turn, fell to the floor.

Zora charged towards the machine with her blades drawn.

"Zora no!" Berith called. His shout fell on deaf ears, and he began to channel his aether to assist her.

Nahvi stopped behind her, but Zora couldn't even turn her head. All she could do was speak to the looming shadow overhead. "So what do you plan on doing?" she asked.

Nahvi began to laugh, “When I find that tear in reality and claw my way through it, I’m going to get my answers and then make sure no one leaves that warehouse alive. I don’t have to do it alone, though. You and your father could join me.”

“No,” she answered.

“What?” Nahvi replied.

“I won’t do it. I won’t let us buy into your lust for revenge.”

“They wronged you. Almost killed you, and what? You’ll just stand idly by?”

Zora found her resolve, “No. If what you say is true, then I’ll seek my own method of justice. Not through your blind bloodlust.”

Nahvi raised the blade to the sky once more, but angled its broadside to be brought down upon her. “You’re a liability then,” she said as she swung her sword down.



Zora found herself in the air moments before she expected her death. The sudden weightlessness surprised her, as she looked back in horror to what had befallen. Berith used his aether to tear through the distance between them and had pushed her up and out of the path of Nahvi’s sword. But in her place, her father had been struck down to the floor.

“Papa!” she cried as she landed over the carcass of the Allagan machine.

Nahvi looked down at Berith’s body as she raised her claymore back to her shoulder. She turned to Zora and began to walk her way.

Zora’s sword—still plunged into the split body of the machine—stood erect by her side. With the effects of the paralysis dampening, she was able to regain control of her arms and reached to pull out the sword. The blade struggled to be free from the Allagan carcass and with each tug of the blade, Nahvi took one step closer. Finally, Zora freed the blade from its body and turned to take a last stand. However, as soon as the blade was raised, it was knocked away with a swift kick. She was left there helpless with the blade of her enemy at her throat.

“I’m sorry it has to end this way little lioness,” Nahvi spoke before she willed the blade to pierce through her.

The claymore hit the ground with its master soon following it. The earth beneath them rumbled as an immense pressure built atop them all. The half of the Allagan sphere next to Zora glowed once more. Free from the thorn plunged into its side, it cast a field that brought the weight of another world upon them. The rumble grew more and more intense as it began to create cracks within the floor.

“What is this?!” Nahvi cried as her body was pressed into the ground.

Zora could feel her consciousness fading as the edge of her vision grew darker. She rested her eyes on her father, for she thought it would at least make her happy if that was the last thing she saw. But even against the rumble, she saw her father fight to rise once more.

“Papa?” she asked.

Berith lifted his staff upright and used it as a crutch to hold on to. Wisps of fire gathered around him like a flood of fireflies, and visible aether twirled into a helix up his staff. He looked up at her and smiled, “Close your eyes, my love. Everything is going to be okay.”

She shut her eyes and felt a sudden blaze wash over her. She felt it pass over the edges of her skin and was careful not to burn her. It hovered over her like a blanket of fire—its heat was intense, but she knew it would do her no harm. However, the light vanished as quickly as it had arrived, and in its place was darkness.

When she opened them again, the chamber was empty. All that was left was her and a tear in her reality.

# TO BE CONTINUED?



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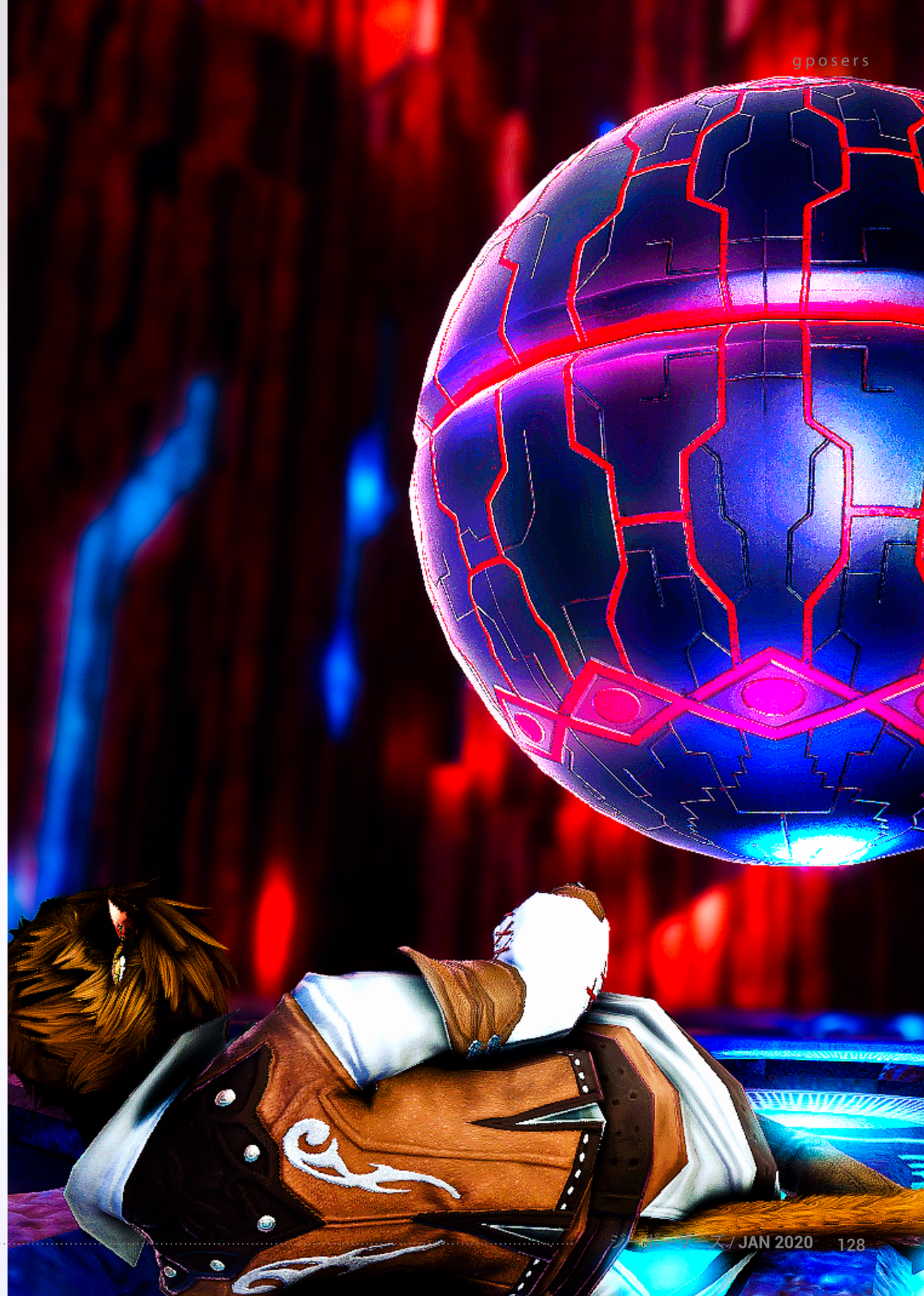


# Artist showcase feat.

# HYARIBO

## 햐리보

@ff14_Hyaribo

*@ff14_Hyaribo*

# INTERVIEW
## 대화

**GPOSERS: How long have you been creating art?**
그림은 언제부터 시작하게 되었나요?
HYARIBO: 그림을 제대로 시작한 것은 중학생 때부터 입니다.
I started seriously drawing when I was in middle school.

**G: What do you love to draw the most?**
그림 중에서 어떤 것을 제일 그리기 좋아하나요?
H: 저는 게임이나 애니, 영화 등등 제가 좋아하는 캐릭터를 그리는 것을 좋아하고,
sd캐릭터 같은 작고 귀여운 그림을 그리는 것도 좋아합니다.
I love to draw my favorite characters from games, anime, and movies usually. I also love to draw small and cute chibi-style characters as well.

G: What motivates you to draw?
그림을 시작하게 된 계기나 이유를 알려주세요!

H: 어릴 때부터 그림을 그리는 것을 좋아하는 편이었고, 제가 중학생 때 일본 애니메이션에 빠져서 거기에 나온 캐릭터들을 많이 따라 그렸었어요. 애니 캐릭터를 따라 그려보고 그러다 보니 자캐도 만들어보고, 그렇게 그리는게 재밌다고 느껴져서 그림을 제대로 시작하게 된 계기가 된 것 같습니다.

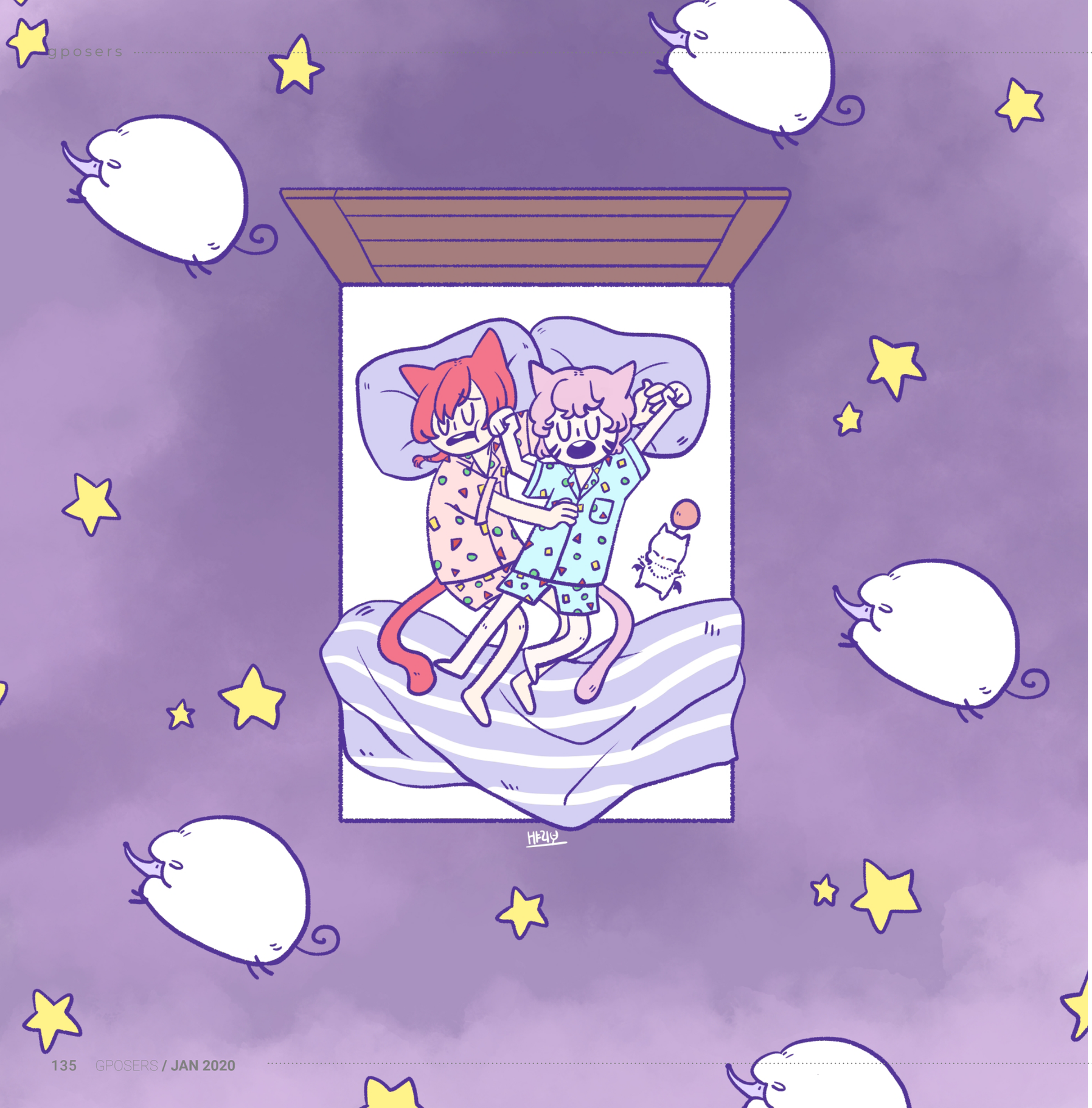
Ever since I was little I've always enjoyed drawing, and when I was in middle school I got really into Japanese anime. So a lot of my drawing inspirations came from trying to copy the drawing style. Over time, I found myself attempting to draw my own characters in the same style, and I found it to be kind of fun so I decided to fully start and get into drawing.

**G: Who/What is the inspiration behind your art?**
그림 그릴 때 영감을 보통 어디서 받나요?

H: 직접 겪었던 일이거나, 친구들과 대화를 나눌 때 보통 영감을 많이 받는 것 같아요.
Usually it's from personal experience or when I talk with my friends that I get inspiration.

**G: Do you accept commissions?**
현재 커미션 오픈 중인가요?

H: 아니요 현재 커미션 오픈은 하지 않고 있습니다. 아직 커미션을 열기에는 부담스럽고 제 그림 스타일이 기분에 따라 자주 바뀌어서 안정적인 상태가 된다면 커미션을 오픈 할 생각입니다.
At the moment, no my commissions are not open. I feel like I'm not ready to open them yet, and my art style changes depending on my mood. So I've been thinking that when I find my own stable art style I'll open them.





@ff14_Hyaribo

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# The ANCIENT CIVILIZATIONS — of — XIV

BY SERENAYA CARRIN

Hey y'all! Serenaya here! I'm back after my own break from the magazine due to all of the Christmas things and obligations. I hope you all had a fantastic time with whatever or whomever you celebrated. Time is certainly a keyword here as it happens. As Christmas and the like are based on tradition and the events of the past, Final Fantasy XIV also has a past of its own. One that we celebrate by playing the content that revolves around it, whether it be through roulettes, farming, or just the general content we enjoy with friends. One such big example of this is the civilizations that existed long before present, but whose remains exist plentifully in Eorzea and beyond.

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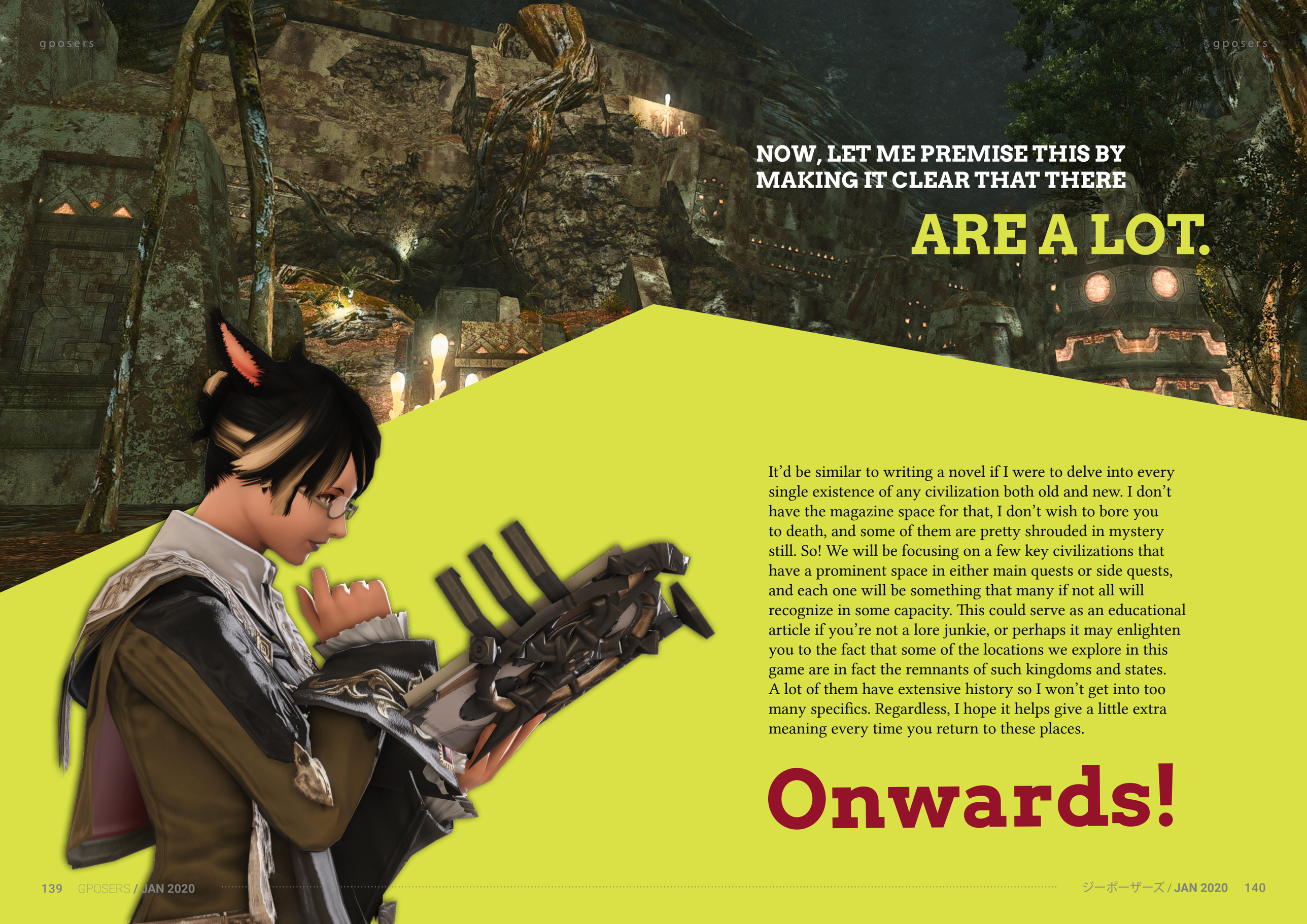

**NOW, LET ME PREMISE THIS BY MAKING IT CLEAR THAT THERE**

# ARE A LOT.

It'd be similar to writing a novel if I were to delve into every single existence of any civilization both old and new. I don't have the magazine space for that, I don't wish to bore you to death, and some of them are pretty shrouded in mystery still. So! We will be focusing on a few key civilizations that have a prominent space in either main quests or side quests, and each one will be something that many if not all will recognize in some capacity. This could serve as an educational article if you're not a lore junkie, or perhaps it may enlighten you to the fact that some of the locations we explore in this game are in fact the remnants of such kingdoms and states. A lot of them have extensive history so I won't get into too many specifics. Regardless, I hope it helps give a little extra meaning every time you return to these places.

# Onwards!

# THE ALLAGAN EMPIRE

The **Allagan Empire** is perhaps the largest and most prominent of these fallen civilizations within XIV's main story and also the Crystal Tower raid series. They were a very technological empire, forwarding futuristic ideas such as aetherochemistry, time travel, cloning, and more. Further, it was recently revealed that much in the same way as the present-day Garlean Empire, it too was founded by Emet-Selch (though in the case of Allag, the name he took was Xande), the much-beloved sarcastic-yet-divisive Ascian from the Shadowbringers quest line. They were responsible for Meracydia's eventual downfall and the subsequent imprisonment of primal Bahamut as well as the Warring Triad, so you'd think they were very much an untouchable empire and, in a conventional sense, they were. However, Xande's mind got the better of himself presumably due to having such sheer power, and after a pretty major screw-up in his attempts to open a portal to The Void (the thirteenth shard), he ushered in the 4th Umbral Calamity and Allag was no more.

*Slow clap, eh?*

# Allag

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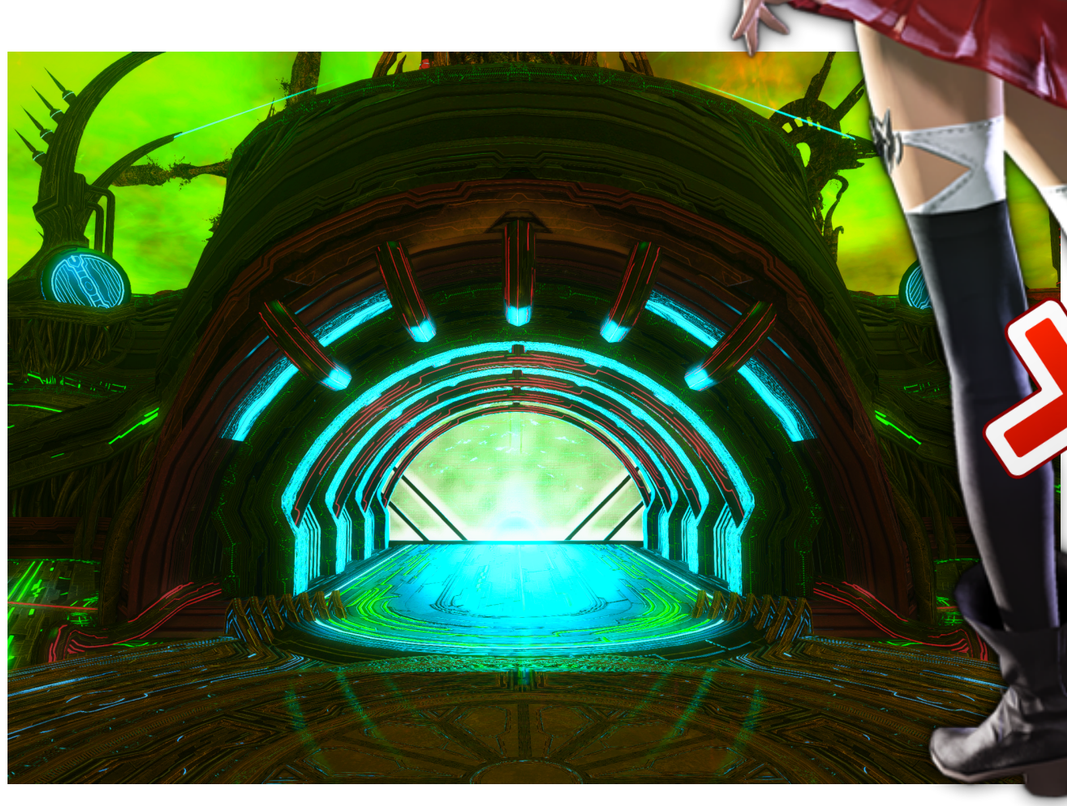


# HOWEVER,

Allag is more than just a thing of the past as it extends well into our time as the Warrior of Light. We can find remnants of the Allagan empire throughout the game with Azys Lla probably being the prettiest example if you were to ask me. It's a largely unused zone due to a lack of maps and such besides spawning the S rank or the now mythical *Proto Ultima FATE* which is a huge pain to spot.

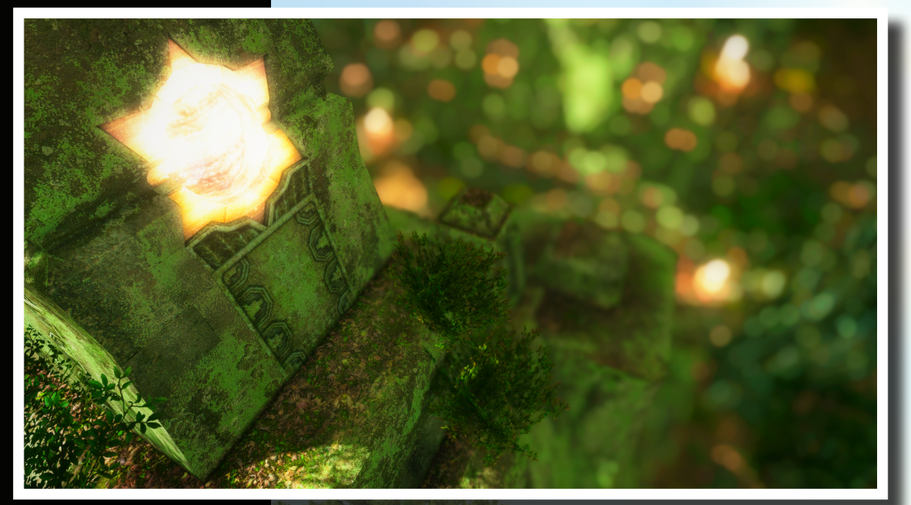
The art style used for their technologies and influence are pretty unique, denoted by the line-like patterns and such that are found on everything from the beasts we fight to the buildings we traverse. We only have to look at the Allagan Tomestones that we collect to see this too, and the glamour from the earlier Coils of Bahamut is also pretty thematic to match.

However, I personally have a huge gripe with Allag. Why? They were extremely racist toward Miqo'te. Eugh!

# THE PEOPLES OF RONKA

This is one that we're certainly all familiar with as of recent months. After some faffing around in Rak'tika we bear witness to some pretty neat-looking sentinels and structures that look rather ancient to match their age, much more so than Allag for example. Despite the (almost) tragic death of Y'shtola (which I'm relatively sure would've caused tears and disappointment aplenty when that part of the story was first reached), I personally found the solo duty within to be one of the more interesting and interactive ones that wasn't just a wave-killing exercise, and it was cool to explore, giving off a Tomb Raider vibe but without any sweet physics or mechanics of course. Ronka was an empire founded on religious reasons and a wish to live in harmony with nature, and so I suppose it's fitting that they found a home in a greatwood of all places. Not too much is known about them except that their reliance on magic—to satiate the whole harmony thing—is a little odd considering their technological accomplishments, but hey! Who are we to question!? Perhaps the WoL/WoD will found a civilization one day, and we'll get a Final Fantasy city-building game. Okay, probably not… moving on.

It's largely believed that Emet-Selch (as himself this time) would've founded Ronka the same way he did Allag as Xande, though it's never directly mentioned. All we know at this point is that he saved our beloved Miqo'te waifu, and our tears were dried.



# Ronka

# ANOTHER ONE DESTROYED BY A CALAMITY! TYPICAL!

This time water was to blame, causing the **City of Mhach** specifically to sink into its ruined state that we traverse in the second installment of Heavensward's 24-man raid series and completely destroying the entire continent too. Whoops! This was due to the abuse of both black and white magic during the war between Mhach, Nym and Amdapor. Anyone would think that nobody within the bounds of the game lore really cares about their surroundings at all!

I digress, Mhach was once a thriving nation after breaking free of Amdapor's influence and it was an impressive and vibrant state given its salt-flat surroundings. It was one of thirteen city-states that were formed at the beginning of the Fifth Astral Era, but once again and much like other civilizations, they were their own undoing in the end. They'd made countless pacts with The Void (again, the thirteenth shard and not the space between them) and this gave them a bit of an ego problem and did absolutely nothing to help the overarching issue of war that was raging between the other city-states that formed alongside them.

Upon the Calamity occurring, many fled via the Void Ark, some fled to Gyr Abania and formed the order of the Red Mages, and after things went a bit awry, a fancy Roegadyn took some of those away with him to the Dravanian Hinterlands to build another ship, resulting in the creation of the nation of Sharlayan.

# Mhach

# HISTORY OF VOEBURT

And lastly, let's talk pixies and other small creatures. Well, it didn't start that way but that's the state of affairs by the time we arrive in Il Mheg after escaping Ranjit's grasp, Minfilia in tow. Voeburt was a prospering and brilliant nation in Il Mheg, founded following a war and subsequent alliance that was formed between the Drahn (Au Ra) and the Galdjent (Roegadyn) where a Drahn would be an acting monarch, with a council consisting of both. We can't forget that all the races we came to know and love have different names on a different shard, after all. XIV lore only continues to get more complicated. Sigh. Its remains can be seen in the lake and some of the sunken architecture looks strangely like that of Ishgard. Hmm.

Despite employing the power of select fae folk such as the Nu Mou, all good things still came to an end. An artificial and magical plague was started by the royal mages within the kingdom that twisted and transformed the people into horrific monstrosities.The tank role questline would relive the memory of Ardbert—our resident private quarters invader—and friends, who faced off against the leader of the mages and defeated them. However, again, this did not solve an awful lot as Sauldia (acting monarch) was afflicted with the plague upon the leaders dying breath and she was killed out of mercy.

If you see the A-rank hunt "O Poorest Pauldia" stomping around, that is Sauldia's younger sister who also tried to take the throne in a plot of betrayal, and this along with the later Flood of Light (the reason we're on the First in the first place) is presumed to be the reason that Voeburt eventually fell to ruin and was taken over by the fae. I think I'd have preferred to not have happened as the fae are… agitating and deliberately so.

# Voeburt

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So, that's four of the many civilizations that existed as proud nations and settlements before our arrival to either shard. As you can see, things were great and not so great with a couple even causing calamities, but the calamities themselves are perhaps a topic for another day. As mentioned at the start, there are many more. Some can be extensively discussed and presented, and some we still know hardly anything about—and sadly it's likely to remain that way in most cases—but speculation and interpretation are always good devices for a story. We can look to the Dark Souls franchise as a good example for that! As those subjects I have talked about are all civilizations that we are visually subjected to throughout the game, I hope it may help you see them in a different light the next time you traverse the various zones. If not, also understandable!

**REGARDLESS, THANK YOU FOR READING AND I'LL SEE Y'ALL NEXT**

# MONTH!

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# JANUARY BIRTHDAYS

1 Phoenix
**Yuharam Chimu**
Menphina, the lover

2 Hyperion
**Carwyn Rees**
Llymlaen, the Navigator

7 Mateus
**Medesa Bajihri**
Oschon, the Wanderer

7 Odin
**Valaina Arkane**
Halone, the Fury

8 Mateus
**Altani Qorel**
Halone, the Fury

10 Lamia
**Luke Castro**
Menphina, the Lover

10 Diabolos
**Pete Zaroll**
Althyk, the Keeper

12 Zalera
**Kalindi Prana**
Nymeia, the Spinner

13 Ragnarok
**Lucia Valerie**
Byregot, the builder

16 Exodus
**Selene Exmachina**
Althyk, the Keeper

18 Moogle
**Faith Hikari**
Nymeia, the Spinner

20 Sargatanas
**Tki Diamonde**
Menphina, the Lover

26 Ultros
**Mayah Amariyo**
Menphina, the Lover

27 Zodiark
**Kurumu Kozono**
Menphina, the Lover

28 Cerberus
**Aura Windsong**
Oschon, the Wanderer

28 Odin
**Josuki Raute**
Halone, the Fury

30 Odin
**Thiela Inari**
Menphina, the Lover

31 Exodus
**Bunny Blue**
Azeyma, the Warden

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# Notes on NYM & SCHOLARSHIP

by brae ritian

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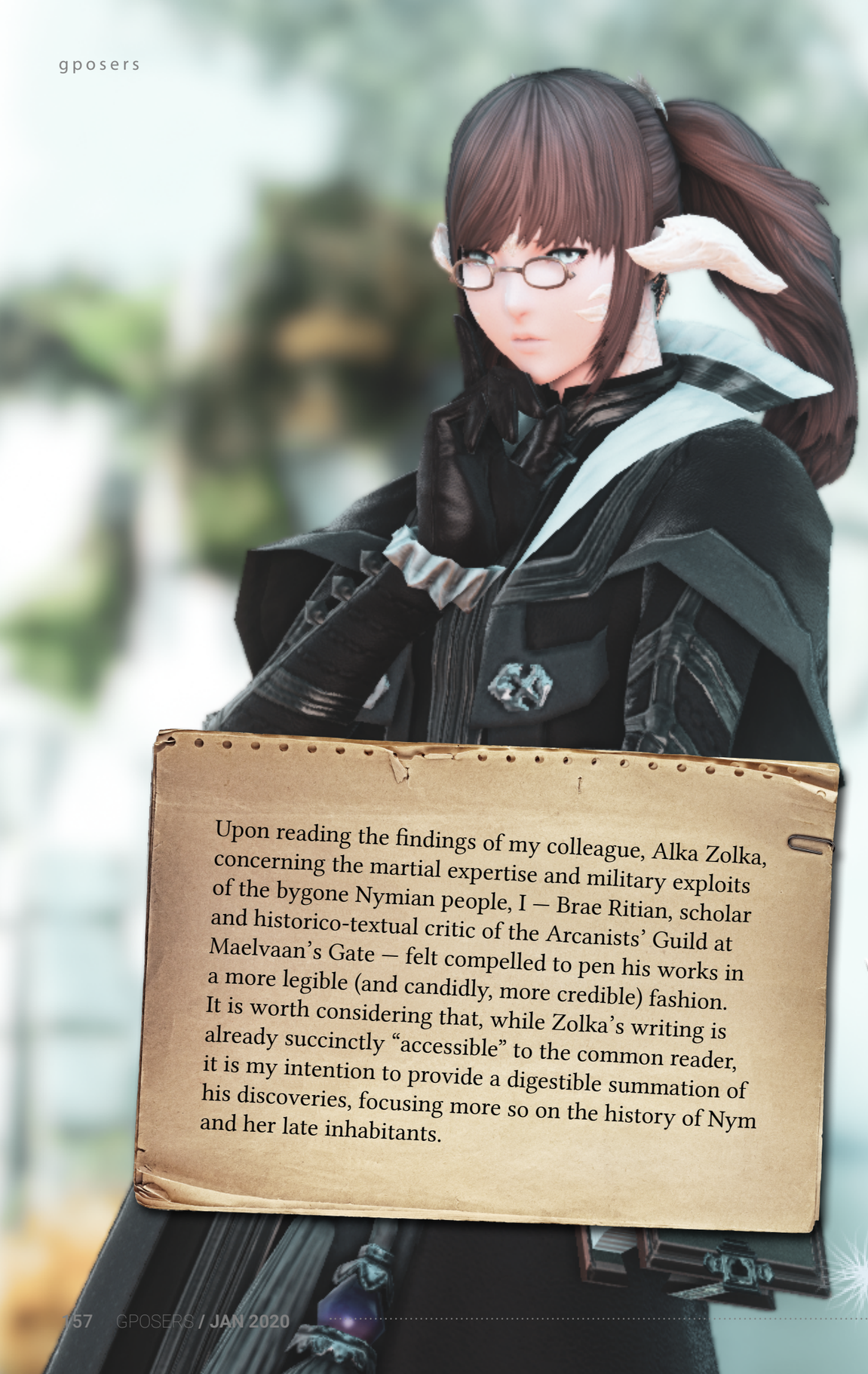

Upon reading the findings of my colleague, Alka Zolka, concerning the martial expertise and military exploits of the bygone Nymian people, I — Brae Ritian, scholar and historico-textual critic of the Arcanists' Guild at Maelvaan's Gate — felt compelled to pen his works in a more legible (and candidly, more credible) fashion. It is worth considering that, while Zolka's writing is already succinctly "accessible" to the common reader, it is my intention to provide a digestible summation of his discoveries, focusing more so on the history of Nym and her late inhabitants.

Alka Zolka

## Credit where credit is due;

Alka Zolka, for a member of the Marauders' Guild, has conducted his research most thoroughly and is evidently well-read to a respectable degree. His readable understanding of military and battlefield tactics is staggering. However, where Zolka's prowess can be lauded, his methodology could be said to be "untidy" at best and downright unacademic at worst. His autobiographical reports frequently involve him brandishing an axe and finding himself in multiple violent altercations. With this criticism in mind, one might be reminded that his original area of research was upon Nymian battle formations which, indeed, may call for more practical applications. Quite, in one such report Zolka admits — nay, boasts — to "studying such maneuvers in the field by way of gatecrashing a bandit shipment." While the author agrees that this is most certainly a noble act of chivalry, it is perhaps an ineffective mode of what some tutors have called "applied learning." Though such conclusions could be challenged in light of Alka Zolka's survival.

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# The FLOATING City of Nym

## Without any further ado,

I would now dive into the main body of this text: the history of the long-lost **Floating City of Nym**, so called due to the curious phenomena that causes segmented portions of the city's fragments to float atop crystals; as can be seen. The means of the city's apparent buoyancy has long been speculated upon by the academic body, though the precise magicks utilized continue to evade identification to this very day. That said, while the magical minutiae of Nym's flight remains elusive, Alka Zolka posits a "why" in the place of "how." Indeed, it is Zolka's assertion that the Nymian Scholars employed this floatation as a means of defense, given their prevalent position amid the conflict of the mainland nations of Adelnard — notably, between the civilizations of Mhach and Amdapor — though it is purported that Nym may have floated long before the infamous War of the Magi. There is certainly the possibility that the relatively small city-state was the target of other, independent, mainland raiding parties; mayhaps Alka Zolka's frequent run-ins with bandits in the area is testament to that.

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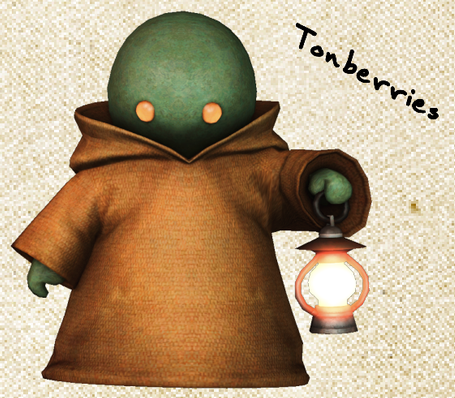
## Another theory,

however, suggests a geological motivation behind the city's levitation. Given Nym's proximity to Vylbrand's central volcano, it may have been susceptible to frequent seismic activity, framing the city's floatation as a preventative measure to fend against the need to rebuild in the event of a particularly destructive quake. A third interpretation suggests, perhaps humorously, that the Nym's flight is a product of her peoples' vanity; that the Nymians' enabled The Floating City's namesake simply because it was within their power to do so. While an entertaining prospect to be sure and absolutely reasonable, given the Nymians' formidable intellect and wealth of magical artistry, I do not see the academic benefit of giving this particular explanation further attention.

# What IS known about the Nymians' MAGIC is...

What -is- known about the Nymians' magic is that it is largely responsible for the creation of what modern Scholars call "Faeries"; while it is currently unknown if Nymian scholarly magicks are indeed derivative of Allagan summoning arts, one cannot help but draw parallels between the two, as both arts of Nymian Scholarship and Allagan Summoning mold aether into a desired entity by way of detailed descriptions of the entity in question.Though a key difference between the two is that Scholarship does not draw aether from the elemental forces of nature. Rather it would appear that the Nymian scholars gave rise to the unaspected aetherial creatures that are used throughout modernity today using their understanding of crystalline magicks. As a result of this, it is hypothesized that Scholarship is the predecessor to modern Arcanima, principally due to the unaspected and subjective emotive qualities of individual Carbuncles in the employ of Arcanists. I, personally, can attest to this; indeed, my own Carbuncles have rather distinct personalities from each other as well as those of my colleagues (Emmi, in particular, is a scamp — she is, as I am writing this, begging for attention by headbutting my feet). Such individuality is typical of the Faerie companions that accompany modern Scholars, thus the connection from past Scholarship and present Arcanima is drawn. This is, of course, counter to the mere mockeries of greater elemental beings that comprise the servants of today's Summoners. While Scholarship and Arcanima appear to create their own distinct entities, Summoning seems to draw upon base aspects of the element in question and create a facsimile of it which, while no doubt still formidable, is just as primal and instinctive as its greater counterpart.

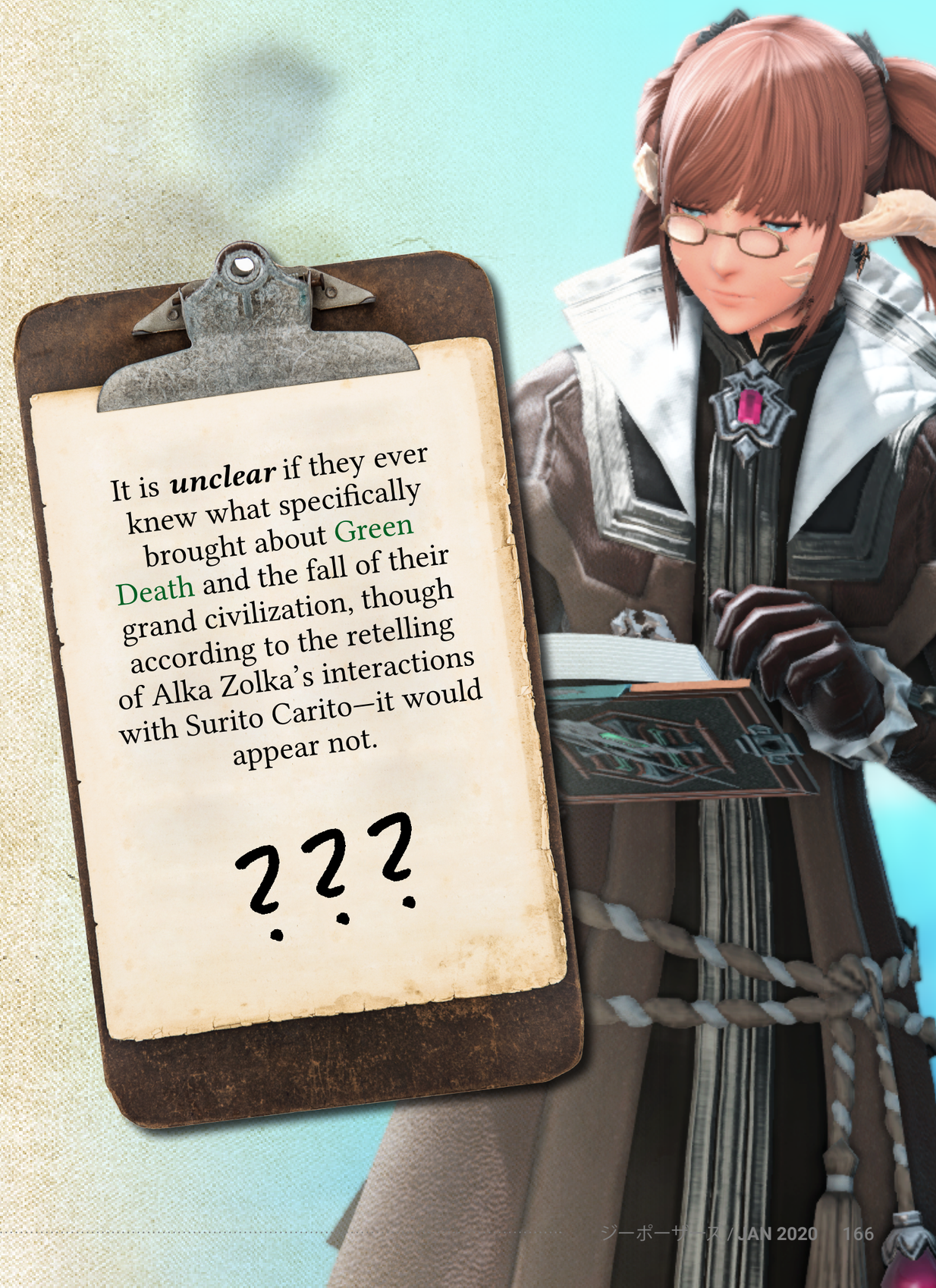



The discussion of Nymian magicks invariably warrants further examination of its military application, which in turn requires mention of the role of Nym in the War of the Magi. However, it now behooves me to iterate that ultimately the scale of the conflict between Nym, Amdapor and Mhach is far too great to be contained within the scope of these notes. Perhaps at a later date I shall pen further works with the purview of covering these other lost civilizations but, for now, we will cover Nymian history alone.

As Alka Zolka rightly identifies, the Nymian military was famous for its unusual ability to repel the invading forces of any assault, no matter how outmanned they might be. According to Zolka, the standing military organization during the Fifth Astral Era was colloquially named "The Royal Marines" and were known particularly for employing a unique battlefield formation that consisted of several marauders and a single scholar. The exact size of these units is up for debate, but Alka Zolka posits that given Mhach's propensity for launching small raiding parties in the early years of the War of the Magi — perhaps believing Nym would fall easily to superior numbers and destructive magic — these Royal Marine formations could be as small as ten to fifteen marauders to a single Nymian scholar, with multiple units of Royal Marines working in tandem to repel larger attacks. The formations operated in a simple, yet effective, manner; the might of the marauders was honed by the tactical prowess of the scholar, who was assisted by the healing magic of their Faerie companion, melding battlefield tactician, field medic and field commander into one incredibly effective role. Meanwhile, the marauders provided the foot-soldiers to not only act upon offensive maneuvers but simultaneously acted as bodyguards for their scholars.  Such simple, incomplex and therefore resolute forces proved to be practically uncrackable for the Mhachi forces by means of direct assault, especially by land due to the gravity-defying nature of the city. Thus, the Voidmages turned to more underhand tactics and nefarious chemical warfare to defeat the bulwark that the Royal Marines formed around Nym. Citing one Surito Carito, a sapient tonberry dwelling within the Nymian ruins, Alka Zolka tells us that the Voidmages planted a booby-trapped ampoule containing a Voidsent known as "Bitoso" among a plethora of gifts that found their way inside Nym's walls. A primary source found by Zolka and his party details how a Nymian trading galley was caught in a vicious storm, beached and subsequently "saved" by a tribe of kind South Seas Lalafell. With the benefit of historical hindsight, we now know that these kindly seafolk were either hired by Mhachi forces or simply Mhachi scouts themselves, but for as intelligent as the Nymians were, they could not have seen this infiltration coming. Source fragments found among the ruins of Nym, following Zolka's study, detail the excitement upon the traders' safe return as well as the celebratory processions thereafter, thanking the sailors' saviors for their gifts. It would appear, then, that it is probable that no one in Nym realized what the ampoule contained until it was too late.







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# HOWEVER...

one of the plagues alternative nicknames was "The Sickness From the Sea", so this is up for debate. That said, arguing whether or not the Nymians truly knew the source of the sickness, or had simply attributed this lesser-known name to it by association with the aforementioned traders' return, is ultimately moot. The fragments found at Nym seem to be dated to more or less the same time, so it is most likely these names were used concurrently, or at least within such a short span of one another that they might as well have been. What we -can- discern from these fragments is that they were likely to have been written by one of the sea-faring Royal Marine marauders, based on the language used and specific references to specialist terminology thus lending credence to the notion that "The Sickness From the Sea" is an associative colloquialism, whereas "The Green Death" is perhaps a more poetic, dramatic term intended to be used by scholars or medical personnel. The Green Death, then, was the plague unleashed within the enclosed Floating City by Bitoso—thus dubbed by the scant few initial survivors pre-mortem due its symptoms. These symptoms were disturbing to say the least—though I shan't expound upon the grisly specifics here—and it

proved to be highly contagious, the contained nature of their city trapping them within its walls, unable to escape from their floating prison. One by one, the citizens of Nym were forcibly and inexorably transformed into the green beings we now know today as "Tonberries"; those infected would slowly lose all hair and distinguishing facial features. In addition, the infecteds' fingers would come to meld together and they would sprout a short, reptilian tail. Most notably, the infecteds' skin would turn a deep shade of green, while their irises would lose all color and the whites of their eyes uniformly would become a sickly yellow. It is noted that some members of the Nymian scholarly community managed to quarantine the sickest of their number to The Wanderer's Palace, wherein they would be put to an enchanted slumber while the remaining populace devised cure. Sadly, this was not to be; the scholars on the outside of the Palace would then be further outnumbered and cut down by Mhachi voidmages shortly after. What is uncertain is whether The Green Death could be said to be the main perpetrator in the fall of Nym, or if the Nymians' ultimate fate lay in the hands of the Mhachi superweapon, Ozma, which, again, I shall not delve into here. I would suggest, in passing, that while Ozma most assuredly destroyed the City of Nym, it was The Green Death that laid waste to her people. Regardless, by the time the ruins of The Floating City were discovered in circa 877 of the Sixth Astral Era, the Nymian people had been extinguished.

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# Having reached the conclusion of my summation of Zolka's findings,

I find myself wondering what new technologies might the Nymians have brought to us were they still in a position to do so. Would all of Vylbrand be dwelling in floating cities? I very much doubt it, but it is a fun thought experiment nonetheless. However, now is not the time; my candle is beginning to burn low, and Emmi has finally started to settle down which, to me, indicates that my work here is done. To the reader: thank you for taking an interest in this work. It has been my pleasure.

Signed:
Rae

# HIDDEN GEMS

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# Hidden Falls Docks

## Eastern La Noscea (28, 23)

A secluded hideaway surrounded nearly on all sides by steep cliffs, the land that these docks rest upon was purchased by Master Gegeruju after witnessing its beauty. The docks also host a stage where private performances are held for his most important clients.

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# SCHOLARS' WALK

## Ul'Dah Steps of Thal (9, 13)

While it originally housed the Sultansworn, Frondale's Phrontistery (commonly known as the Alchemists' Guild) purchased the nearby property and transformed a path upon which trained killers tread into a walk for healers.

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# LOWER WATTS RIVER

## Kholusia (31, 28)

Named after a Dwarven blacksmith of legendary repute, Kholusia's sole and rather scenic river flows all the way from Mt. Gulg and empties into the sea near Eulmore.

SKILL LEVEL
EAAAASY BOI

# COLOR CORRECTION

## FULL-TIME PHOTOSHOP

フルタイム フォトショップ

WITH SENPAI

## *Hello hello!*

I'm excited to bring you all another Photoshop guide. This is another easy one, but it focuses on a very important aspect of post-processing: color balance/correction. As beautiful as Final Fantasy XIV is, with all its colorful landscapes and armor, the color itself is somewhat lacking. If you don't use GShade/ReShade, you might notice the colors aren't super vibrant, and in most cases seems to be more yellow or green in hue. Today's guide will hopefully give you some tips and tricks on how to use adjustment layers to even out and enhance the colors of your screenshots!

Our esteemed Yomigami took some pictures of various locales around both The Source and The First for me to use in this guide. I selected two; one more warmer in tone, and one more cooler in tone, just to demonstrate this edit on both ends of the temperature and color spectrum. It's important to know just what color balancing is, and what it means. In simple terms, to "color balance" means to adjust the colors within an image to either intensify colors, or to make sure neutral colors are rendered correctly. We'll be looking to intensify the colors in this guide.

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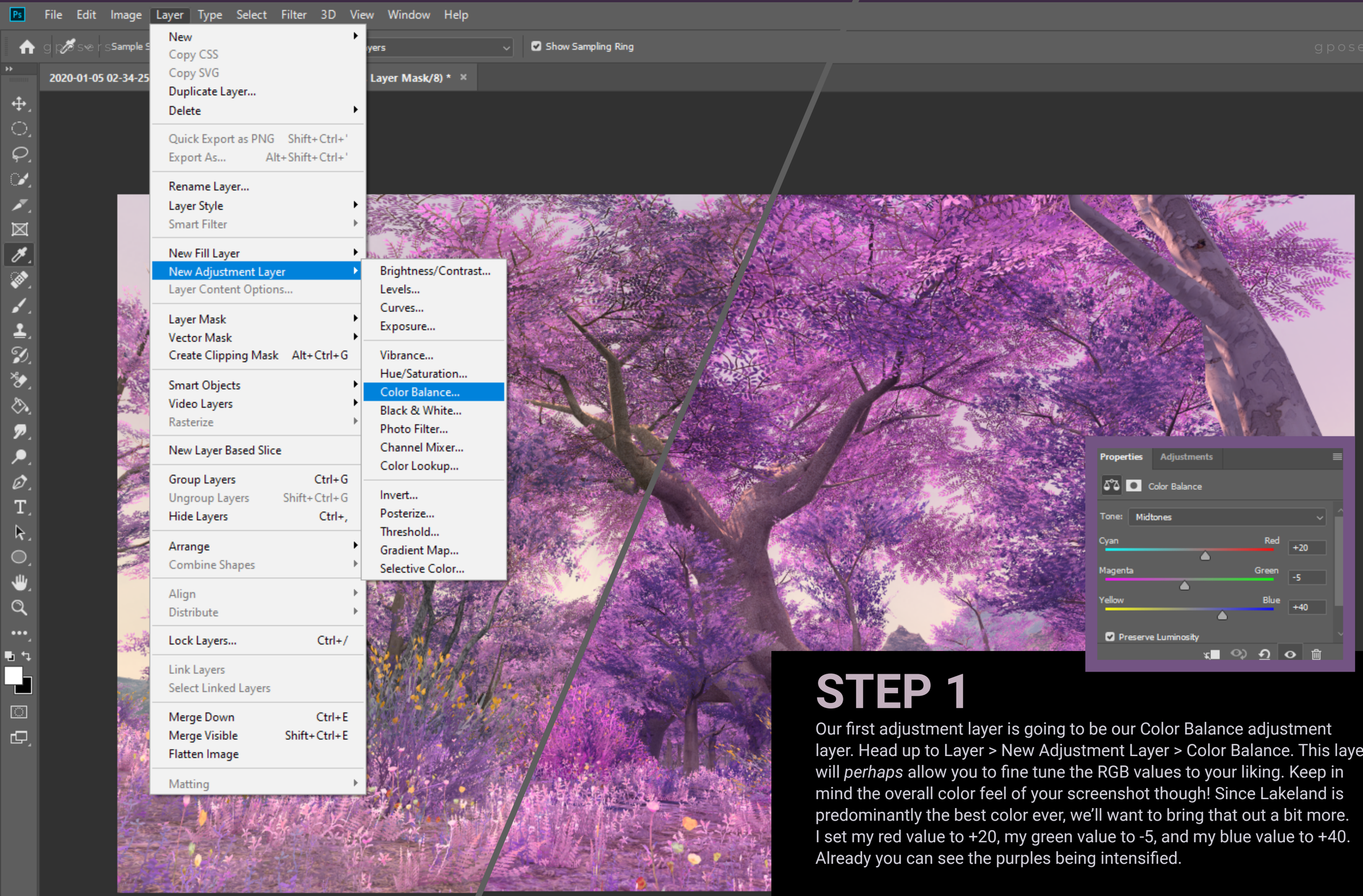
BEFORE

AFTER

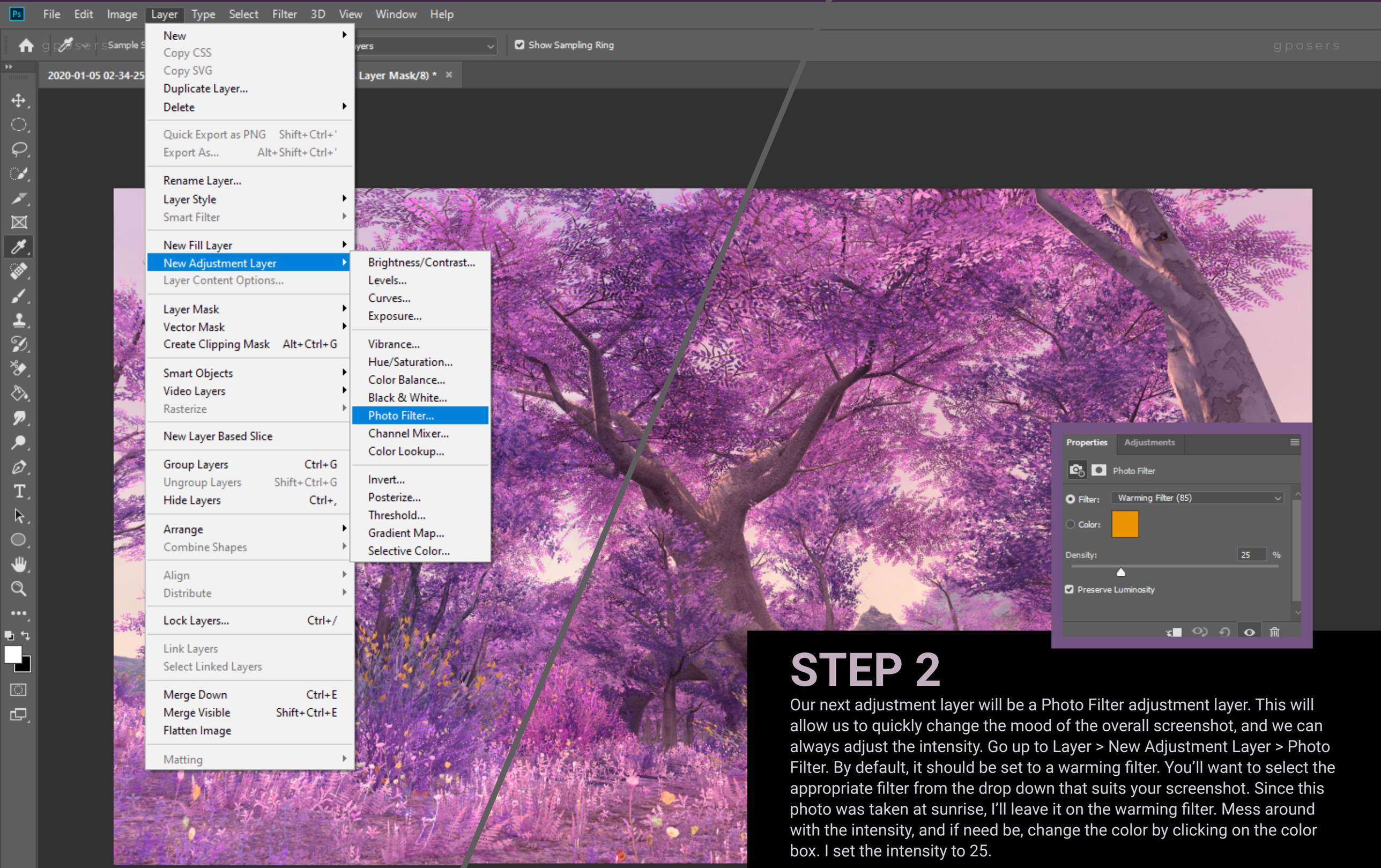
# WARM EDIT

As always, open your shot of choice. I'll be using this stunning shot of Lakeland, landmarked as Embrasure. This shot is clean of any pre-processing, so we'll be able to see the full effect of the edits.



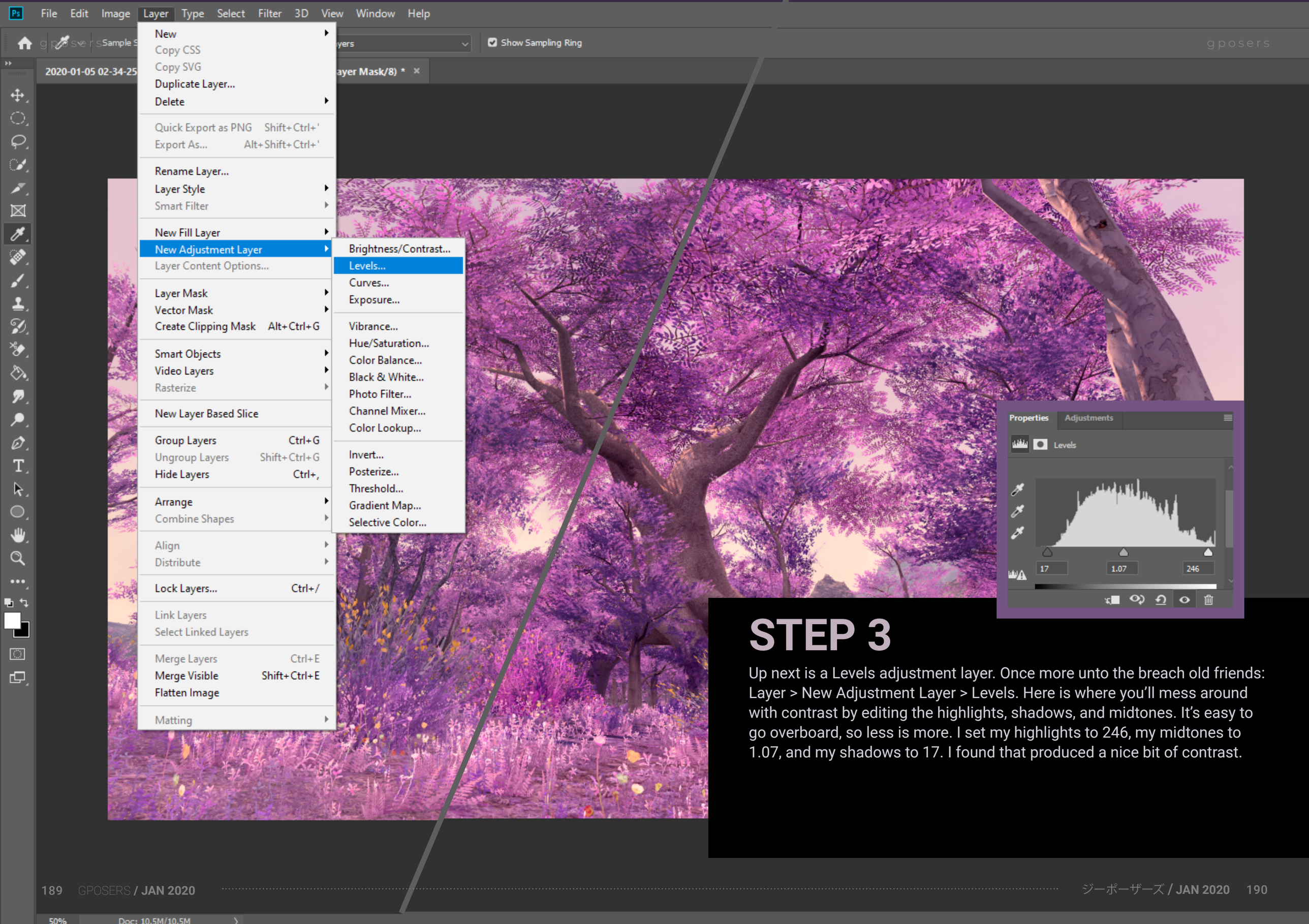

# STEP 1

Our first adjustment layer is going to be our Color Balance adjustment layer. Head up to Layer > New Adjustment Layer > Color Balance. This layer will *perhaps* allow you to fine tune the RGB values to your liking. Keep in mind the overall color feel of your screenshot though! Since Lakeland is predominantly the best color ever, we'll want to bring that out a bit more. I set my red value to +20, my green value to -5, and my blue value to +40. Already you can see the purples being intensified.



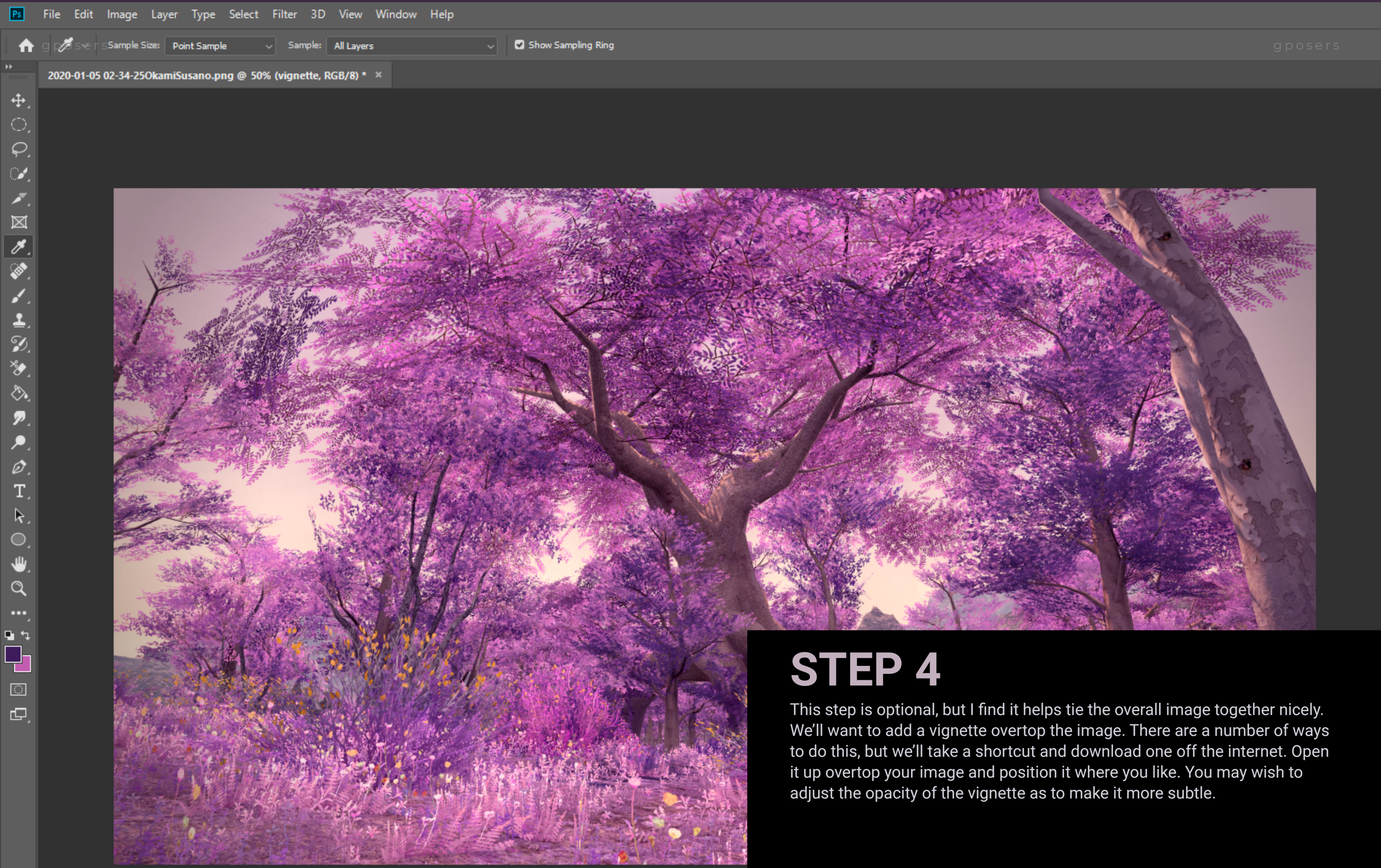

# STEP 2

Our next adjustment layer will be a Photo Filter adjustment layer. This will allow us to quickly change the mood of the overall screenshot, and we can always adjust the intensity. Go up to Layer > New Adjustment Layer > Photo Filter. By default, it should be set to a warming filter. You'll want to select the appropriate filter from the drop down that suits your screenshot. Since this photo was taken at sunrise, I'll leave it on the warming filter. Mess around with the intensity, and if need be, change the color by clicking on the color box. I set the intensity to 25.




# STEP 3

Up next is a Levels adjustment layer. Once more unto the breach old friends: Layer > New Adjustment Layer > Levels. Here is where you'll mess around with contrast by editing the highlights, shadows, and midtones. It's easy to go overboard, so less is more. I set my highlights to 246, my midtones to 1.07, and my shadows to 17. I found that produced a nice bit of contrast.




# STEP 4

This step is optional, but I find it helps tie the overall image together nicely. We'll want to add a vignette overtop the image. There are a number of ways to do this, but we'll take a shortcut and download one off the internet. Open it up overtop your image and position it where you like. You may wish to adjust the opacity of the vignette as to make it more subtle.

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# COLD EDIT

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Having gone in-depth with the warmer edit, I'll expedite the process to show you how a cooler edit would look! Open your image. I'll be using this shot Yomi took in Stone Vigil (Hard).

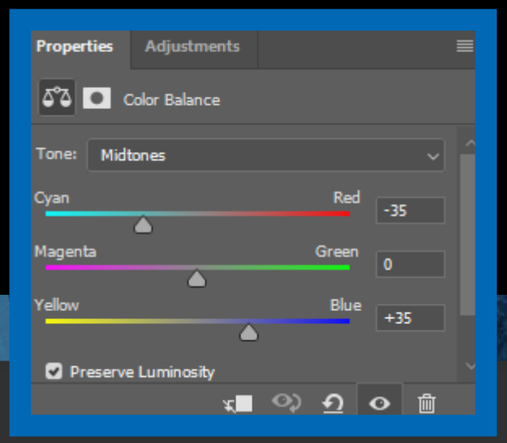
File Edit Image Layer Type Select Filter 3D View Window Help

Auto-Select: Layer  Show Transform Controls  3D Mode:  gposers

2020-01-05 03-02-08OkamiSusano.png @ 50% (Color Balance 1, Layer Mask/8) *

# STEP 1

Open up your Color Balance layer and adjust the RGB values until you are happy with the overall intensity. My RGB values are as shown:






50% Doc: 10.5M/10.5M

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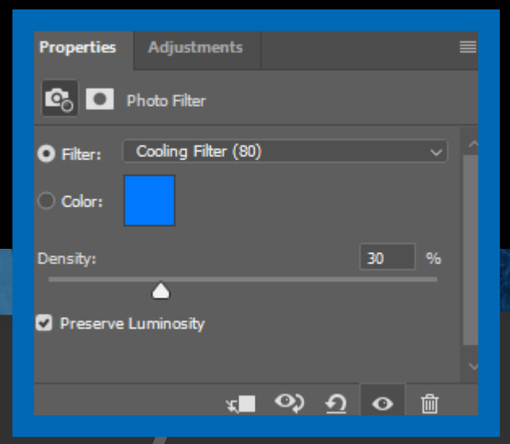
# STEP 2

Time for the Photo Filter layer. Since this image is based within the snowy hellscape that is Coerthas, we'll want to go with a cooling filter to really accentuate how desolate and unforgiving the zone is. I set my filter values as follows:



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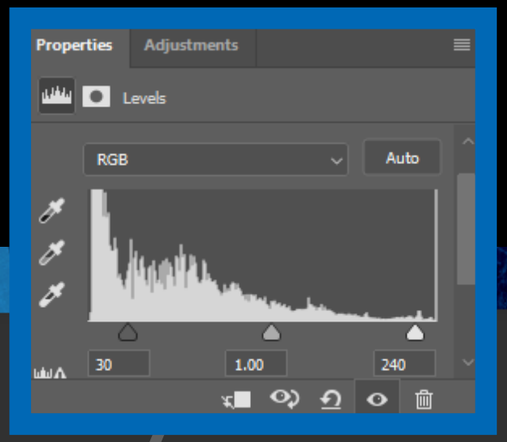
2020-01-05 03-02-08OkamiSusano.png @ 50% (Photo Filter 1, Layer Mask/8) *

# STEP 3

Up next is Levels. The values didn't change much from the first edit, except bringing out the shadows a bit more. This is a moody image, the overall tone should reflect that.



File Edit Image Layer Type Select Filter 3D View Window Help

Auto-Select: Layer  Show Transform Controls  3D Mode:  gposers

2020-01-05 03-02-08OkamiSusano.png @ 50% (vignette, RGB/8) *

## STEP 4

Finally, the vignette, with adjusted opacity.



50% Doc: 10.5M/14.1M

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And there you have it! Two (in my opinion) pretty neat looking images. Both are intense in their own ways, with Lakeland being rather warm and purple, while Stone Vigil is cold and icy. You can even add some flavor text to make the shots ***aesthetic*** should you choose to. And of course, these edits can be applied to shots with characters in them. There's really no limit! If you have any ideas for future guides or should you wish to share your edits, feel free to drop by the GPOSERS Discord and send them our way.

Until next time, happy editing!

*-Full-time Senpai*

# GPOSERS IS RECRUITING

*Interested in joining the GPOSERS Staff?*
*Inquire about our available roles and positions at one of our many points of contact and we'll be delighted to have a chat. We look forward to working with you!*

**CONTACT GPOSERS:**

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